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ELEGIAC.

WRITTEN IN THE PORTION OF CAVE HILL CEMETERY LOUISVILLE, ALLOTTED TO THE UNION DEAD.

BY GEORGE D. PRENTICE.

Here, whilst the twilight dews
Are softly gathering on the leaves and flowers,
I come, oh patriot dead, to muse
A few brief hours.

Hard by you, rank on rank,
Rise the sad evergreens whose solemn forms
Are dark as if they only drank
The thunder-storms.

Through the thick leaves around
The low, wild winds their dirge-like music pour,
Like the far Ocean's solemn sound
On its lone shore.

From all the air a sigh
Dirge-like, and soul-like, melancholy, wild,
Comes like a mother's wailing cry
O'er her dead child.

Yonder a little way,
Where mounds rise thick like surges of the sea,
Those whom ye met in fierce array
Sleep dreamlessly.

The same soft breezes sing,
The same birds chant their spirit-requiem,
The same sad flowers their fragrance fling
O'er you and them.

And pilgrims oft will grieve
Alike o'er Northern and o'er Southern dust,
And both to God's great mercy leave
In equal trust.

Oh ye and they, as foes,
Will meet no more, but calmly take your rest,
The meek hands folded in repose
On each still breast.

No marble columns rear
Their shafts to blazon each dead hero's name,
Yet well ye slumber here,
Oh sons of fame.

The dead as free will start
From the unburdened as the burdened sod,
And stand as pure in soul and heart
Before their God.

* * * * * *

'Tis morn—as lone I stand,
The dawn is reddening o'er each humble grave,
Oh when shall night pass from the land
Ye died to save?

Through all the upper air
May your life-blood in exhalations rise,
A ghastly cloud of red despair
To traitor-eyes.

And may the lightnings dire,
Coiled in that cloud, like vengeful scorpions dart
To blast with their keen fangs of fire
Each traitor-heart.

NORWOOD;

OR

VILLAGE LIFE IN NEW ENGLAND.

BY HENRY WARD BEECHER.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1867, by ROBERT BONNER, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.]

CHAPTER XLIV.

ECHOES FROM THE NORTH.

"WHEREAS, The laws of the United States have been for some time past, and now are, opposed, and the execution thereof obstructed in the States of South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Florida, Mississippi, Louisiana and Texas, by combinations too powerful to be suppressed by the ordinary course of judicial proceedings, or by the powers vested in the Marshals by law; now, therefore, I, ABRAHAM LINCOLN, President of the United States, in virtue of the power in me vested by the Constitution and the laws, have thought fit to call forth, and do hereby call forth, the militia of the several States of the Union, to the aggregate number of 75,000, in order to suppress said combinations, and to cause the laws to be duly executed."

This was the answer of the people, speaking by their Government, to the acts of secession, and to the assault upon the nation's flag and fortress at Fort Sumter. Dry words they seem, formal and stately. But there was fire in them to kindle a flame such that all the world paused, as if a continent were on fire!

Our noblest sentiments, when assailed, never deliberate. A wise man foreseasons his honor, love, purity, patriotism, with reason. When touched with harm they burst forth into action as instantaneously as powder touched with fire into flame! When the flag was abased, the nation shuddered. No one had suspected how deep in the heart of the people was the sentiment of patriotism. For two generations men had been buying and selling, making and distributing, until the dust and shavings of the manufactory seemed to have covered down all heroic sentiments. Long peace and exceeding prosperity had shaped popular politics into a greedy game of policy, and great principles, no longer debated or tolerated, sat in the capitol, like decrepit old men crooning of the golden days of old.

The lowering of the Nation's flag before the guns of South Carolina pierced the pride and honor of the North to the quick. The outburst was universal and unpremeditated. The morning and evening of a single day saw peace utterly laid aside, and twenty millions of people filled with the spirit of war. Men would not tolerate argument, and trampled upon mercenary considerations. Before, men had seemed swallowed up in material interests, and dead to heroic sentiments. The trumpet sounded the resurrection, and in an instant they came forth into a life of heroic sentiment, and, placing honor, duty and patriotism high above all sordid interests, they offered up to their country their ease, their wealth, and life itself! Passions there were, but they were auxiliaries of the moral sentiments, lending to them force and fire. For a people's war—a free, intelligent, religious people—is not bred either of a greedy avarice, nor of royal pride and ambition. It was war for the Commonwealth, nay, more refined yet, a war, unparalleled in magnitude and cost, waged for the *Principles* on which alone commonwealths can stand! It was kindled not by the young, but by the old and sage as well. It was fed not by the ignorant and violent, but by women, scholars, Christians. The recruiting ground was not in low and dark corners, among the ignorant and roving, nor chiefly among laboring men, but pre-eminently in academies and colleges, in Sabbath schools and churches. No one held himself aloof. There was a generous competition who should go, and men strove for a place in military companies as at other times for honor and wealth. The whole community were moved to the core by the power of the unseen. It was an enthusiasm for an abstract sentiment, for an invisible quality of patriotism—for law, for liberty, for government. This was a sublime spectacle, of the spirit of government rising up in the very sources of all government!

The same scenes were at the same time occurring in the Southern States. Even more fiery was the outbreak, because the people were of more demonstrative natures. Pity it is that admiration for the uprising of millions of men to found a new State should be stripped of its sublimity by the debasing conceptions of the new civilization which blinded its leaders! Yet our moral disapprobation of the secret and potential causes which were at work need not withhold from the common people the credit of the most earnest sincerity, witnessed by offering up all that man holds dear for the cause which they had been misled to believe was the cause of liberty and of honor!

And thus it came to pass that thirty millions of men, divided into two bands, went seeking each other through the darkness and mystery of war. Neither part considered or cared to ponder what was before it. Like two warriors standing on the opposite banks of a swollen stream, they went down in the darkness of the night to find and grapple with each other in the turbulent and dangerous ford!

Toward both parties came travelling great sorrows and disasters. But looking full at the future, neither of them saw aught of that which it contained.

Already was descending, as in the apocalyptic vision, the mountain of fire which was cast into the sea of blood, and no man heard its rush, or knew its dread disasters, until all over the land fire and blood were cast up like a storm spray driven in from the ocean!

Are men less sensitive than metal? Shall barometers foretell whirlwinds, give alarm of tornadoes half a continent distant, and yet shall a whole hemisphere of storms move in upon society, and no man feel the chill of the shadow which they cast forward? Right before the nation were clouds dripping blood, and full of wasting fire. None saw. Right before them were heaped-up corpses, armies of the dead, suffering, fear, famine and pestilence, but men heeded them not!

Neither, any more, did they see the new heavens and the new earth that followed the convulsions of the old, a nobler liberty, a purer justice, a better friendship, a more lasting brotherhood!

Fort Sumter was evacuated April 14; the President's proclamation came Monday, the 15th; and before sundown of that night, Barton Cathcart's company were on the green, ready to leave on the cars that night. This promptitude was the more remarkable because at least one half of its numbers lived out of the village, and several of them some miles distant. Arthur Wentworth, now twenty years old, fortunately was at home from college, and promptly joined his company.

There is no one scene which so stirs a country town as the departure from it of the first companies for war. Mothers, sisters, and lovers look upon the men with yearning admiration; and the imagination heightens the sense of mysterious danger into which they are going. But on this day parents were scarcely less eager to send, than were their sons to go. The city of Washington—the capital was threatened!

'Biah Cathcart came to town, with his wife Rachel. He was calm and stern. She was singularly exalted. Her soul said:

"What am I that the Lord should permit me to send my son to the defence of his government? Great are his mercies, oh my soul."

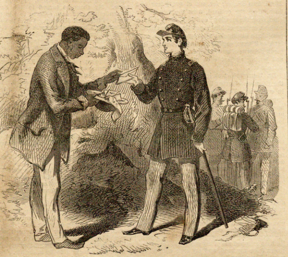
Miss Wentworth was absent from home. She had gone from Boston down to Maine, before the tidings of war broke over the country. Immediately she started for home. But, so promptly had Barton moved that he had been in Boston several days before Rose reached Norwood. But Barton, in the whirl of preparation, had found time to write a few lines to Rose:

"APRIL 15, '61.

"To-day I leave for the field upon a sudden summons. My whole soul consents. I was never more cheerful. But a single shadow lies upon me. At last, let me speak plainly, Rose. I am sad at leaving you, whom I love more than father and mother, or all beside. This will surprise you, but it is no sudden experience. It has been the secret of my life. From my boyhood I have cherished it; whether with more of pain than of cheer I cannot tell. The hunger of the heart in a proud nature, sensitive and silent, is hard to bear. And yet I would not have been without this love. It has made so much of my life that if it were taken out scarce anything would remain worth keeping. It has inspired and cheered, it has chidden and restrained. In the fire of this love, whose flame I might not show, every feeling of my life has been tempered.

"Only within the year have I been in circumstances to justify me in an honorable solicitation. But a shadow fell upon me. Another came before me. Pardon me. I would not speak of it, but I may never return, and for our childhood friendship's sake you will indulge me in the sad pleasure at last of speaking out my heart?

"If only I knew that your interest was with another, all struggle would cease. Your happiness would shed some faint joy on my disappointment. I know not whether, even if you were free, you could love me. Have I said too much? It is as nothing to the unsaid. The silence of my heart through years now yearns for an expression. Only let me hear one word from you; if not in Boston, then at Washington. I pray you do not send me to the war without a word to say that you are not offended—to say more would be a joy too great to hope! But let me not go in the chill of utter silence. BARTON."



[BARTON'S LETTER TO ROSE.]

This letter he hastily did up, and being obliged to employ other hands, for a hundred errands, he entrusted this to faithful Pete, with instructions to convey it promptly to Dr. Wentworth's, and place it in the hands of Dr. Wentworth or of his wife.

Pete had been on hand all day, executing Barton's orders with extraordinary alacrity. It is doubtful whether he knew what all the excitement was about. He had gone post-haste to Riddell's, to serve a notice on a member of the company. He had ridden two miles in another direction, as only Pete could ride, on a like errand. He had been out to Bidwell's, and to Carrington's, and to Eaton's, and crossing through the woods, and past the red school-house; he had come down by Marsh's, and Morris', warning one man at each place.

"What is it, Pete?" said grandma Carrington.

"You're wanted," said he with a half guzzling laugh. "Captain Cathcart wants Tom right off, with all his regimentals. They're going to-night."

"Tom is out plowin'. Here, Roxy! Roxy! Where's that child? When you don't want her, she's right under your feet, and when you do want her you couldn't catch her with a fine tooth comb. I'll go myself. My father was out in Seventy-six, and my boys have got his blood, I guess."

The old woman was past seventy—white-haired, wrinkled, sharp and nimble. Away she went over fence and field, saying to Pete:

"You go 'long; the boy 'll be there afore you are."

At Eaton's they were all at home, and in the enthusiasm of the moment Pete was offered a little rum. Now Pete had never joined any temperance society, and could not therefore break a pledge. Looking for a second at the glass, as one recognizes a long-absent friend, his lips parted, and the rum disappeared as a drop of water sinks into parched ground.

Thence Pete betook himself, now inwardly comforted, around the Owl Swamp, over on to the turnpike to Belden's; but Belden's son Will had gone into town, partly on an errand, and partly for news, so that he would get his warning in Norwood. The old man was one of the hard cases in New England—foul-mouthed, ugly, and regularly soaked with liquor. Yet his head was so solid that he seldom lost his keen judgment in a bargain, or his management of property. His wife was an earnest Christian woman, with the face of a sufferer. Her home was a purgatory. But five children were reared there in virtue and honor, every one abhorring strong drink. The eldest was sergeant in Barton's company. Old Belden liked nothing better than to "season a man," as he called it.

Poor Pete had lingering about him a bewitching memory of his last glass, and the sight of the decanter put him into a radiant mood. A large glass was poured off, the old man applauding and swearing horribly. But Pete's instinct of obedience was proof against further persuasion. He knew that Barton had ordered him to report to him again in the quickest possible time, and so, in spite of the sparkling of the liquor which old Belden held up before his face, and shook till it foamed, he departed. It was full time.

On his way back he thought of ever so many funny things, and saw ever so many queer sights. At any rate, at every other step he sizzled out a laugh.

At any other time Barton would have perceived Pete's condition; but now amid the excitement which pervaded the town, he scarcely noticed his exhilaration.

He gave him the letter to Miss Rose, with particular direction not to lose it, and to hand it that night to Dr. Wentworth. One or two other papers, also, Pete was charged to deliver, all of which were duly placed in Pete's hat; where, also, were stowed his red cotton handkerchief, two or three snarls of different sized strings, a paper of fish hooks, and a bit of newspaper over all. Every moment was precious if Pete was to fulfill his errands.

His senses were fast retiring into obscurity; yet he had retained the impulse to go to Dr. Wentworth's after he had lost all idea of the reason for going. The doctor was called after tea into the kitchen to see Pete, who at once, giggling and shuffling, made a faint attempt to give him from his hat a paper.

The doctor read:

"At the last moment, I have got me a few things, as you suggested, at Wadsworth's. Please settle the bill. BARTON."

"What's all this? This must be for Barton's father. I'll give it to him to-morrow. Mrs. Good, you had better let Pete lie down in the out-room."

What became of Barton's letter to Rose was never certainly known. Pete was up before daylight the next morning, trying to get some water; and then he kindled the kitchen fire, using the scraps of paper in his hat to set it off with. But, certain it is that Rose never received it, and wondered and grieved that Barton should again have left town abruptly without a word of farewell.

For, the second day after his departure, came Rose home. Her brother was gone, and she had passed within a few squares of him in Boston, not dreaming that he was in the city.

"Mother, did Barton call to say good-bye?"

"He was too busy. We all went out to see him off, and shook hands with him at the cars. I never saw him so radiant. He stood evidently the first man among men in that hour. And his military dress was wonderfully becoming. Really I quite fell in love with him."

Rose was silent for a time, and then, with enforced naturalness, asked:

"Did you say that Barton left any word for me?"

"Nothing that I heard of. There was only half a day to summon his company, and get them away. Our Arthur was in great spirits. He looked like a rose among those tan-faced country-boys. You know that his complexion is beautiful, and his chestnut hair curled out from under his military cap most becomingly!"

Rose sat silent, buried in thought. Early she plead the fatigue of journeying and retired. It was but masked somnolency. Sleep sometimes courts you till you yield, and then coquettishly flies. So it was with Rose.

There are many kinds of wakefulness. If trouble be real, if danger be apparent, wakefulness may have a useful end. One may while away the whole night in processes of investigation. All distractions are gone. Neither light nor noise lay any tax upon the senses. They rest. All the vital force is concentrated in the thinking part, and, in the darkness, especially following early sleep, and just preceding the morning, the mind easily penetrates things obscure, and disentangles things perplexed, and unrolls things most involved.

There may be a sleeplessness of pleasurable excitement. And sometimes this is an exquisite pleasure. One has something to learn of luxury who has never lain awake with joy. One then seems to float peacefully in an atmosphere of joy. Pure, continuous delight flows from every nerve, and from every faculty.

But there is an excitement of half-born feelings, of evanescent fancies, where thoughts but begin, and vanish, where feelings start without developing into definite forms, where the whole mind is played over by the checkered light and shade of things illusory and imaginative; when, as it were out of the air, the spectres of coming emotions cast pale shadows upon the sensitive brain, which vanish when you would inspect them, and return the moment you cease to analyze them. How welcome is the cool morning after such a night of spirit watching! How good and pleasant is it to come again to things that may be touched, to the dew, to the things it lays upon, to the song of birds, and to the companionship of friends! Such as this last excitement filled Rose's night, and glad was her morning.

CHAPTER XLV.

FIRST FRUITS.

The most striking trait in camp life to Barton was the facility shown by his men in adapting themselves to entirely new circumstances. It was a complete revolution in their method of life. Many of his men were accustomed to all the refinements of wealth, and all of them had been reared in abundance. There were fifteen graduates of colleges, and five under-graduates. There were, besides, several students of medicine and of law, and five men who were in commercial business. The others were intelligent mechanics, machinists, factory men, young men from the farm, and from that large and peculiar class, in New England, who may be called *bargain-makers*—men who, without a regular business, are energetic and enterprising in a thousand money-making ways, now dealing in cattle, or buying up in autumn whatever line of produce promises to advance in market; in short, the movable merchants, the cavalry of trade. With one accord they fell into the proprieties of their new life, and in a few days, like a well-made machine, everything began to move smoothly. By the last of the week the regiment to which they belonged was dispatched to Washington. Young Arthur Wentworth had been elected second lieutenant. He was one of the rare cases in which a robust virility exists in connection with an almost feminine beauty and delicacy of organization. His curling hair was of a rich chestnut color, his complexion almost of dazzling whiteness, with a cheek suffused with carmine, blue eyes, features that did not wait for after-life to give them expression, but which from youth were shapely and exquisite. So much beauty is indeed a misfortune in a man who has not a manly force to lift it clear above effeminacy. That force Arthur Wentworth had. None was quicker of foot in all robust games. He had practiced athletic exercises and excelled all his fellows. He could run faster, jump farther, climb with more agility than the best. He was a leader on the base-ball ground—loud and merry in his outcry, intense and impetuous at foot-ball. He lacked something of strength at wrestling, but made it up in deft agility. He was the pride of his class, and so pure and noble in his loving nature that neither envy nor jealousy, as yet, had been shown by any. All the signs pointed him out as a poet. All the signs too pointed him out as an artist. But not less did he promise to become an orator. Fate made him a soldier. To Barton he was dear for doubled reasons—for his own sake and for another's. In the company and regiment he became a universal favorite from his modest fidelity and thoroughness in duty, and for the rare social gifts which he displayed in the social life of the camp.

To his sister Rose, some months later, he wrote:

"WASHINGTON, *July* 14, 1861.

"Ah, Rose, you should be a soldier! or, if that is forbidden, come as a fairy *vivandière*, or even as a fairy, and hover about us and be to us as the light that flashes upon our cold steel—a flame of beauty around the instruments of death. Camp-life, the march, the drill, is a perpetual dream. I wake into a surprise of pleasure each morning. My enjoyment reminds me of Parson Buell's favorite expression in prayer, 'Thy mercies are new every morning and fresh every moment!' Our Captain Cathcart is a wonder. There was a Barton Cathcart, you will recollect! Do not imagine that your Barton Cathcart and our Captain Cathcart are the same. No more to be compared are they than the seed is to the blossom! Our Cathcart is your Barton developed! He drills the regiment, and, as Harris has gone home, it is feared to die, Cathcart is to be major. His commission is looked for daily. All the officers come to him on military questions. His reading really has been extraordinary. He is always letting out something that no one dreamed was in him. He works at his men all day, and at his books all night. I go to sleep, and he is studying. I wake, and he is still at his books and maps. I infer, therefore, that he never sleeps, and that is the opinion of the camp. Yet he is never fagged out, but affable, obliging, and the very life of good-fellowship. His care for me is beyond words. Though he is rigorous toward me more than toward any other officer, yet I feel that there is a tenderness in his strictness which is very touching. By the way, Barton's advancement will be luck for several of us. I go up a step, and am to be first-lieutenant. That's very well for a beginning. But I'll come home a general! Prepare the ceremonies for my return! I read Major Cathcart your last letter. It was so full of home-news that I knew it would please him. When I finished, he said, 'Is that all?' and his voice was so altered that I looked up and saw that he was unwell. He left for the air, and that night did not study at all, but was out most of the night.

"'I tell you, major,' said I, 'by virtue of my authority as a doctor's son, that you shall not tax yourself as you do. You are making yourself sick.'

"'In a few days we shall move, and then we shall all have out-door exercise enough and too much or I am mistaken.'

"'What do you mean? You don't doubt that we shall whip the rebels off-hand? If you do, you are about the only man in camp that thinks so.'

"'It will be all luck if we do. Our men are green. The army is no army. They ought to be reduced, for two months more, by the most rigorous discipline. We may win—or lose. The chances are even. Enthusiasm is good to raise men upon, but discipline is the only thing to fight on.'

"'But it is the same with the rebels—they are as green as we are.'

"'Yes, that is true; and therefore I say that there is no calculation possible. Every thing is contingent. They may fight or run away—who knows? We may stand up well, or a panic may seize our raw troops.'

"'Why don't you say so to McDowell?'

"'There is no need. He already has exhausted his influence to prevent precipitation. But there is such a clamor for an advance that we shall have to go. Politicians, and editors, and red-faced patriots have it all their own way, and old military men are the only men without controlling influence in this camp.'

"But I have a presentiment of victory; and I told Barton so. He laughed, and looked proudly at me, and said:

"'Men with chestnut hair, blue eyes, and sanguine temperament are apt to have hopeful presentiments.'

"The signs of a movement increase. I shall write again as soon as it is over. ARTHUR."

On the 21st of July was fought the battle of Bull Run,—a most victorious defeat. It ended all over-confidence in the North. It inspired the South with such vain-glorious confidence that they failed to put forth that power for a year or more, which it had, and then it was too late. It ended all lingering ideas of peace. It ended all further notions of a union party in the South; for, after that battle, those in the South who had held aloof, hoping a peaceful settlement, were swept by the current, and obliged to accept the new government as existing *de facto*, whatever opinions they yet cherished of it *de jure*. It cast the most profound gloom upon the loyal States—a night of shame and sorrow. But out of that night there arose a morning of Purpose such as had not dawned before! There was to be a long and thorough war, and preparation must be broad and thorough! The whole after fruit of this defeat upon the North was bitter to the palate, but wholesome to the people and salutary to the government.

The battle had begun auspiciously in the morning. McDowell's right wing, crossing Bull Run at Sudley Spring, unperceived and unresisted, had swept down upon the Confederate left, and after various conflicts had driven them step by step back across Young's Branch, across the Warrenton turnpike, and were assailing the centre upon the heights where Beauregard had concentrated his reserves and was making a last stand. But then, between three and four o'clock, one standing at a little distance might have seen the beginnings of one of the most terrible spectacles in war—an army in a panic! For, at this time came in upon the Union right and rear Johnston's forces, just arrived from the Shenandoah Valley. Wearied by long conflict, spent with heat, famished and parched, the raw Northern troops gave way, as the leaves of a forest scatter when October winds, on wet days, drive through the forests. At every moment the confusion increased. Men already broken up in organization streamed tumultuously back toward Bull Run. The contagion spread. Fright grew wild. Men rushed over each other, across all obstacles, stumbling, leaping, with wildest terror; muskets were thrown away—knapsacks had long ago been cast aside—and thousands were madly crowding toward the stone bridge. Others sought the ford, and still others, waiting neither for bridge or ford, splashed into the stream to swim across. In vain did a few fragments, cohering, essay to stop the wild flight. They availed nothing, and were themselves entangled and swept away. A handful of regulars evinced the power of discipline, and, without attempting the hopeless task of holding back the rout, sought only to check pursuit until the fugitives could cross the stream. Once across Bull Run, there was hope of some safety. No; confusion grew to a more desperate uproar as the tangled masses receded from the battle field. A few cannon shot thrown across from the Confederate batteries had fallen among the wagons, and the whole corps of teamsters caught the mad infection. They turned and rushed away, many abandoning all at once. Some cut their traces and rode off upon the team horses. Many got their wagons about; but, tangled in the crowd of fugitives, the uproar growing louder and the flight becoming more desperate, wagon locked with wagon, the road became jammed; ther wagons coming on, upset the wagons on the road-side but only to clear a way for a repetition of like scenes. Crowds of citizens, Members of Congress, women and children had come out as to a festive scene, and were caught in the crowd, and went roaring on in the desperate struggle of fright.

The regiment to which Barton belonged had done good service, and had suffered severely. Many of his own company had fallen. But his men were conspicuous for steadiness. By two o'clock the colonel and lieutenant-colonel had been wounded, and the command devolved upon Major Cathcart. When the rout began, he was able to hold his men, and with incredible efforts, to form a sort of rearguard. But his already diminished regiment melted fast. His own Norwood company were firm. But they were only a handful, and the first determined onset of the pursuing enemy scattered them. Then it was that Barton, untired, aroused and glowing, sought no longer how to stay his men, but only how to promote their escape. In all the battle, he had scarcely lost sight of Arthur Wentworth, and now he was convoying him as best he might toward the bridge. Suddenly from his right there swept around a detachment of Confederates that poured their fire upon the spot where Barton stood, and with loud yells rushing in upon them separated Barton from his men, and swept him away a prisoner.

A shot struck Arthur in the neck. He plunged forward. Sergeant Belden, and two others of his townsmen, caught him and drew him aside, and by singular address, after exceeding exertions, conveyed him across the stream. At Centerville Arthur was placed in an ambulance, and lay as if asleep. Through that sweet moonlight his few men travelled all night—the heavens so pure and calm, the earth so noisy and ramping—and reached Washington in the gray of the morning. Arthur called for no water. He seemed unconscious of pain. He *was* unconscious, and never suffered more! And so, as a bird flies up out of a storm-shaken forest and seeks more peaceful places, his spirit had lifted itself higher than battle and above its stroke or sound!

Will Belden it was that said, "Arthur, do you suffer much?" and hearing no answer, he laid his hand upon him as to awake one asleep.

He touched his face and drew back in awe and silence!

No blood had issued from his wound, near the base of the brain, and his face was not ghastly, but seemed, in the early twilight, as the face of one who sleeps and dreams pleasantly, so sweet was the expression that had spread over it.

That day the telegraph sped the tidings to Norwood. The message boy handed the dispatch to Agate, saying, as he delivered it—"Arthur is dead."

Agate stood motionless, without voice, white as alabaster. Hearing the voices, Mrs. Wentworth had come into the hall, and in an eager way said:

"What is it, Agate? Speak!"

"Arthur—is—dead!" said Agate, slowly—solemnly—sternly.

Mrs. Wentworth sat down upon a bench and looked at Agate imploringly, as if she had suffered wrong at her hands, and could not understand why.

"Dead?—dead, Agate? Who's dead?"

"Arthur Wentworth is dead!"

"Arthur—Wentworth—dead? How is he dead? Tell me, Agate,—what do you mean? Why did he die? Dead? dead? did you say?"

Agate caught her falling, fainting form, and summoning help, bore her to her room. Then Agate, unshaken as if her heart had no pang, with a head as clear as if no tidings had rolled darkness over the family, made every arrangement for the household. She ordered for the children what their daily needs required; she had made every arrangement for Dr. Wentworth to go to Washington long before he came in to tea; she ministered to the darkened room; and all quietly, never mistaking, or confusedly giving an order twice, but in the stillness of severe self-possession.

CHAPTER XLVI.

CONSOLATION.

It was the morning of Sunday, July 28, 1861. Even for that month the morning was singularly glorious. The wind set from the north-west when it breathed at all, and brought the fresh savor of thunder-storms which had played solemn music through the night.

The air was cool. Its moisture gave to the light a peculiar and almost palpitating tenderness. Old Holyoke looked over upon Norwood with unwonted beauty, and the jagged peaks that rose eastward, bathed in that flame which never consumes, seemed this morning almost human in their sympathy. So thought Dr. Wentworth, who before sunrise walked with God in his garden. Look far around! On every side the earth glows with marvellous beauty. *The Lord is in his Holy Temple*, he said, in low tones, to himself. He could not well add, *Let all the Earth keep silence*; for, out of every tree and bush, from the orchard, from the tops of the elms, from the meadows and fields there went up such an ecstacy of bird songs that it was hardly possible to distinguish the separate songs, each bird, as it were, eagerly casting his notes into a medley chorus of sweet sounds, tangled together and jarring against each other in a pleasing dissonance.

Dr. Wentworth was intensely calm. It was the calmness of every faculty, keenly alive but in equipoise. The effort of self-restraint had imparted a slight trace of sternness, but it was a mere enamel upon tenderness. He walked quietly from one part to another, sometimes looking upon flowers, and then, while he was yet looking, he would fall into a reverie. He stooped and plucked a handful of leaves and blossoms, saying, in a half-whisper and in broken sentences, as if reciting in part, and thinking the rest, "He cometh forth as a flower and is cut down: he fleeth also a shadow and continueth not;" and then, pausing, he added aloud, with inexpressible sadness, "The eye of him that hath seen him shall see him no more. As the cloud is consumed and vanisheth away, so he that goeth down to the grave shall come up no more, neither shall his place know him any more."

He laid down the flowers, of which his hand was over full, and forgetting them in a moment, he began plucking others, murmuring, as if to the shrubs, "He hath set darkness in my path, He hath stripped me of my glory and taken the crown from my head, and my hope hath he removed like a tree."

He laid down a fresh clump of gathered flowers, and in a gentle, aimless way, straightened out some of the spray and tangled vine work, as if he were putting little children to bed, meanwhile, hardly above his breath, reciting:

"O, the hope of Israel, the Saviour thereof in time of trouble, why shouldst thou be as a stranger in the land? Why shouldst thou be as a man astonished, as a mighty man that cannot save? Yet thou, O Lord, art in the midst of us, and we are called by thy name. Leave us not!"

His thoughts had reached their saddest when he broke forth into that most utterly hopeless of all the utterances of old: "Are not my days few? cease then, and let me alone, that I may take comfort a little before I go whence I shall not return, to the land of darkness and the shadow of death; a land of darkness, as darkness itself, and of the shadow of death, without any order, and where the light is as darkness!" From the gloom of these words his soul after a little seemed to rebound, and clear itself, and his thoughts forsook the inexpressible sadness of the olden day, of which the Old Testament is so full and wailing, and, without uttering them, he repeated in his mind that passage in Hebrews that is like a sunrise: "But ye are come unto Mount Zion and into the city of the living God, the heavenly Jerusalem, and to an innumerable company of angels,"—and the rest.

He walked on, seemingly forgetful of his flowers and looking forth and upward upon the wide arch above full of morning sunlight, he leaned against the summer-house door, long looking up:

"Therefore they are before the throne of God and serve him day and night in his temple and He that sitteth on the throne shall dwell among them. They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more, neither shall the sun light upon them, nor any heat. For the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and lead them unto living fountains of waters; and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes."

As he stood half chanting in a low voice these words, Rose approached him, but stood silent. After a little, she quietly moved past her father and came into the summer-house from the other side. The sight of Rose seemed to open in her father's soul a flood of tender memories. He trembled, and all at once giving over restraint, "he lifted up his voice and wept." There is something terrible in the uncontrolled weeping of a strong man! Rose was appalled. She had never seen her father weep—she had never seen him lose his self-possession.

When he first learned the fatal tidings of Arthur's death, he only said: "I gave him to the Lord, and He has taken him."

All the way to Washington, and during the night and day of his ride homeward, convoying the beautiful sleeper, he had, though silent and deeply thoughtful, shed no tears. But this tension could not last. He was again at home. The Sabbath had come. The boy was lying in the house, his sword wreathed in green oak leaves upon his coffin. The singular charm of the morning, the strain of thought in which his mind had run, all had led him to that point where it needed but some touch to bring tears. So a shrub, gathering dew through the night, carries all its leaves edged with drops, losing none, until some gentle wind shakes it, and then, all at once rains down a shower from every branch.

It was while her father was gone to Washington that Rose had tasted the dregs of the cup of grief. But, after a night of suffering and conflict, she came forth strengthened, and from that moment she walked as one who saw the Invisible, in the presence of whom all the earth is as a shadow, and its noises as silence, and its sorrows, like the sighs of childhood, soon hushed in sleep and forgetfulness! She had formed her purposes, and from that hour without a moment's wavering she devoted her whole soul to her new calling.

She waited calmly by her father, tears freely falling down her cheeks, but only in sympathy. The tumult and paroxysm of his grief soon passed, and her father, relieved by this long-needed outburst, came after a little to a peace not to be disturbed. Father and daughter communed together of the dead. He spoke of his hopes, his ambition, his joy and affection for his oldest-born son.

"If he could have been spared to render something more of service to the cause, I could have more willingly yielded him. But to be cut off so early, his powers not put to proof, with so little fruit ripened, and in the hour of defeat——"

"Father," said Rose, "there is other work to be done in this great hour of God's coming besides that which is done in the field. It has been shown me that thousands are to mourn; the first-born of many families are to be slain. Only sons are to be taken away. Every household in this land is to be pierced. God is beginning at his own house and among those he loves. It is fit that you who have stood foremost in this community should lead, and in this great day of suffering set the example of sacrifice and consecration. What is there worth living for, and even more worth dying for, if it be not our own country?"

"My daughter, you speak eagerly, enthusiastically. You are excited by what you have passed through."

"I was excited; but, father, I am calm now, and I shall be to the end——"

Then hesitating, as if uncertain whether to go on, she said, at length:

"Father, while you were gone after Arthur, and mother was overwhelmed in such distress, and my own heart seemed giving way, I thought that I could not bear up and sustain myself. For two days, the darkness was dreadful. At length, I could struggle no more. I had slept none for two nights. Mother was sleeping by means of opiates. I went to my room. My thoughts turned to the Saviour. His sufferings for men seemed to rise to my mind. I implored His help. I read the scenes in Bethany, where Lazarus was sick; while the Saviour, though knowing it, delayed to come; and the sisters' anguish at their brother's death! When I came to their reproach, 'Lord, if Thou hadst been here, my brother had not died!' I felt as if I were myself speaking. Then there came to me a sense of the tenderness of Jesus toward them, of His deep sorrow and sympathy with them, such as I had not before ever perceived. In this mood I was struck with His declaration that all this suffering was permitted for the sake of spiritual good, which they did not understand, nor He explain. In some way, that very not explaining seemed to convey to my mind a sense of the wonderful nature of spiritual life, which lay so far above human experience or language that the Saviour made no effort whatever to expound it. My heart yielded. I rested on Christ as a little child."

Rose paused for a moment, and then resumed:

"Father, what I am going to say you will understand better than I. I do not pretend that it was real. But it produced an impression upon my soul which has not changed. Nor do I desire to shake it off."

"What was it, Rose? tell me all."

"I laid down upon the bed, and was asleep. How long I had been asleep I cannot tell. I heard Arthur calling to me, 'Rose! Rose!' I opened my eyes—Arthur was there, though I saw nothing of him, but as it were the print of his face in the air. As I looked, the room disappeared, and I seemed to be in the air. Before me I saw unfolded in the sky lurid clouds connected and rising in a procession, one above another, and each cloud was made up of battling men, and of a mixed multitude of wounded and dying, and each successive cloud advancing grew larger than the other. I saw flashes of lightning run through them, but heard no sound, though I listened."

Rose paused again, and looked at her father. Had she seen the slightest smile of incredulity, she would have said no more; but Dr. Wentworth was deeply intent.

"My daughter, go on. If there is more, let me hear the whole."

"I saw myself, and you, and others. We moved up and down, relieving the wounded and suffering. Thus far I had not noticed anything but these lurid clouds, which formed, as it were, steps one above the other. But presently I was moved to look beyond, and I saw what was to the cloud what the second rainbow is to the primary. It was an answering picture, or, as it seemed to my thought, a spiritual translation of the meaning of the cloud scene. I cannot describe it. There was rest, and friendliness, and peace, and gladness, and purity, and joy,—how shall I say?—there were no figures to my senses, and yet my spirit discerned these representations as clearly as my senses did the other. As I looked, Arthur came again, and all around us there seemed to be an ineffable peace, and his love seemed to fill the air all about us with rosy light, as if it had been a radiancy of some burning lamp. I was inexpressibly happy, and Arthur was about to tell me something, saying, in a significant way, 'Rose! Rose!'——when Agate stood by my bedside, and the morning was advanced, and my vision was all gone. Now, I know what you will say, father, and I do not doubt that I dreamed; but what I think remarkable is, that my whole feeling is changed. I have not had a ripple of trouble since. There is to be great trouble in the land—battles and multitudes of slain and wounded. I am to devote myself to this service, and care for the sick and wounded. I am no longer agitated. I know what that peace is which passes all understanding."

They were here summoned to breakfast, and all the family seemed to have felt that morning that the Sabbath sun had arisen upon them with healing in its wings.

"Shall I wind the clock to-day?" asked Agate Bissell of the doctor.

"No, Agate, not to-day. Both ceased to keep time together. Let them stand silent for another day."

It seems that for the first and only time in her life, on that Sabbath day on which the battle of Bull Run was fought, the great black clock in the hall had been forgotten and had run down. Agate, whose last duty on Saturday night before going to bed was to wind up the clock, had for some unaccountable reason neglected it. The clock, however, had a little time stored up in it for such occasions, and kept on through the night. It was still at its duty in the morning of Sunday, for Agate remembered looking at it and hurrying up the children for Sunday School. It was some time after noon that its courage began to fail. The ticks had lost their plump sound and grew faint. The right hand swing could hardly be heard, though the left hand was yet decisive. Then it missed the right hand tick altogether, and then the left; and then in silent vibration the pendulum, with diminishing arc, swung on for a moment, and halted. On returning from afternoon service it was discovered. But the doctor said:

"Do not wind it. To-morrow we will have it examined."

Afterward Agate superstitiously believed that it stopped with the speeding of that ball which struck Arthur. And Doctor Wentworth would not, on this funeral day, allow it to be set agoing.

"Let it be for to-day. They ceased to keep time together. Let both be silent together."

With this day ended all struggle. It was the day of life from the dead. It was the Lord's day,—pledge of resurrection and immortality. Bent down and obscured by the physical shock and aspects of death, father and mother had at first spoken of their child as dead, as early lost. But now came brighter and brighter every hour the certainty of his living. Their thoughts went upward, along that very path by which the ascending Saviour moved; and their faith sought the child among the everliving and the forever joyful, where sorrow and sighing has passed away!

And when the day was ended, and the thousands who had thronged Norwood to follow this young martyr to the grave had dispersed, and the sun was gone down, and twilight softened the landscape, no one unaccustomed to Christian faith could have believed that the happy household which gathered that night, calm, tender, cheerful, had that day parted from the form of one so loved as was this early victim of war.

"*Then the same day at evening, being the first day of the week, when the doors were shut, * * came Jesus and stood in the midst and saith unto them, Peace be unto you.*"

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

EVA MORRIS'S FORTUNES.

BY M. MARCELLINA BEATTIE.

It was the first time I had gone out since my little Minnie's death.

I had ordered John to drive to Jackson's, as I wished to select some articles of mourning.

We were returning with my purchases, when our progress through Broadway was checked by a volunteer company proceeding on an excursion.

The lively notes of the band struck painfully on my nerves, weakened by watching and grief, and, leaning from the window, I desired John to turn off through a side street. He had just drawn the reins, in obedience to my direction, when a shrill scream rose high above the din of fife and bugle; and, at the same time, I felt our spirited horses rear and plunge, as they were pulled violently back.

As soon as they were brought to a stand, the carriage was surrounded by a curious and excited throng, and something before it was lifted gently from the ground.

It was a child—a little girl,—who seemed to be insensible, and was bleeding profusely from a frightful gash in the forehead.

"Poor little thing!" said John, "she ran before the horses so quickly that I had not time to save her from being knocked down. I could only just pull up before the wheels went over her."

She was borne across the street to a druggist's. It was found that her injuries were of a serious character.

We were quickly told that she was the only child of a poor widow who lived a few streets off, and whose name was Morris.

The requisite surgical aid having been rendered, I requested that she should be placed in my carriage.

My heart ached for the patient little sufferer, and for the mother whom the shock of the calamity had yet to reach. Already the child had won a place in my heart. I even fancied I could trace in its pale, thin face a likeness to the darling I had lost.

At length we found the dwelling of which we were in search.

It was among the poorest in a poor neighborhood.

Leaving the child in the carriage, I entered the house alone, with the intention of imparting the painful news gradually to the mother.

But it had reached her already, doubtless in an exaggerated form; for I found her in an agony of grief, uttering frantic cries, and struggling with the sympathizing neighbors who restrained her from rushing into the street.

She turned eagerly towards me as I approached her with the assurance that her child was not killed—probably not dangerously injured. Then, advancing to the window, I signalled for the little girl to be brought in.

The presence of her child at once restored the afflicted woman to comparative calmness. After examining her injuries, and receiving her feebly-whispered assurance that she "did not feel so bad now," Mrs. Morris, in a manner and phrase far superior to her surroundings, thanked me warmly for the assistance I had rendered.

I disclaimed all title to her gratitude, and told her I should consider it merely my duty to afford all needed aid until the helpless being I had undesignedly been the means of injuring should be fully recovered.

Returning home, I forthwith gathered such things as they seemed most to need, adding some delicacies for the child, and sent them to Mrs. Morris.

Feeling a strong interest in the couple, I resolved to visit them daily while the little girl required attention.

On my second visit, I had time to observe the mother more closely.

That she had once been in different circumstances was evident, for her language and bearing were marked by an unmistakable air of refinement. Everything about her humble apartment betokened habits of order and even elegance of taste.

Her needle, she informed me, was her only means of support, and the pittance thus earned, at the best of times, was scanty indeed.

That her health was rapidly failing under the pressure of privation, confinement, and unremitting exertion, no experienced eye was needed to discern.

My curiosity and compassion were equally aroused; but her reserve on the subject of her early history was impenetrable, and I soon desisted from inquiries which resulted only in giving pain to their object.

Many weeks elapsed before Eva was able to sit up; and then Mrs. Morris, worn out by anxiety and watchfulness, was prostrated by a nervous fever.

My interest in them had by this time so far increased, that I determined, if my husband was willing, on taking them into our own home.

Edward, who was rejoiced that the state of apathy into which, after Minnie's death, I seemed in danger of falling, could in any way be dispelled, readily assented.

Accordingly, as soon as they could be removed with safety, my protégés were established in a pleasant, airy chamber on the same floor with my own.

Mrs. Morris's case had long been beyond hope of recovery. In spite of the most skilful attendance, she now began to sink rapidly.

Little Eva, on the other hand, soon fully regained her strength, and became the pet and plaything of the household—almost filling the place of those who had been taken from us.

She was a golden-haired little fairy, with a disposition so joyous, and manners so sportive and engaging, that Edward always called her his "little sunbeam."

There was something in the depths of her blue and liquid eyes that often, in moments of reverie, carried me back to the days of my own happy childhood.

Then, looking through the dim and checkered vista of by-gone years, I saw once more our dear old Connecticut home, my fond mother, and much older father.

Then, too, arose the vision of a little beaming face, with Eva's large blue eyes, and Eva's wavy, silken tresses, the face of Evangeline, my sweet sister.

Both father and mother were lying in the village churchyard when I was scarcely ten, and before my sister had reached her fifth year.

Then the old homestead was sold, and a wealthy lady, accidentally attracted by Evangeline's exceeding beauty, adopted her, and took her immediately to India; while I was consigned to the care of our only near relative.

Only twice had we since heard from Evangeline.

I had been well cared for, and united to one of wealth and high station. Since my marriage I had vainly endeavored to trace out the whereabouts of my sister.

It seemed that her adopted mother had died shortly after their arrival in India; but of my sister's subsequent history nothing whatever could be ascertained.

One night, while Mrs. Morris's end was rapidly approaching, I was sitting by her bedside, when she called for Eva, and, drawing her to her bosom, kissed her several times; then, grasping my hand, earnestly prayed me, as I valued the memory of my own offspring, to watch over the welfare of the child she was about to leave to me.

Then, producing a written paper, she gave it to me, with the request that I would read it and preserve it for Eva.

As I bent over her with a murmured promise faithfully to observe her injunctions, the pressure of her hand suddenly relaxed, her eyes brightened, and her lips parted in ecstacy, as if some angelic vision was passing before her; then a cold shadow stole over the illumined features, a momentary contortion succeeded, and Eva was motherless.

After the modest funeral rites had been performed, and my first emotions of sorrow had been somewhat allayed, I proceeded to examine the manuscript.

It proved to contain an outline of Mrs. Morris's history, and ran nearly as follows:

"My earliest recollections are of a quiet country home, of father and mother, and of a little girl, some years older than myself, who called me sister. But this seems scarcely more than a dream; for I remember that a tall, beautiful lady took me a long way across the water to a strange country. She was very kind to me and taught me to call her 'mother.'

"I had a black nurse to dress and take care of me.

"One day I thought that mother lay asleep. They told me I must be very quiet. They dressed her in white, and put flowers on her head and in her hands, and then they took her away.

"I cried for my pretty mamma, but she never came back.

"Then I was sent to live where there were many little girls like myself, and where a kind lady taught us our ABC out of pretty picture-books.

"When I had stayed here long enough to be able to read, my papa came and took me home for a few days. But I missed my mamma more than ever, and was glad to return. Not long afterwards I was sent to a first-class boarding-school.

"While there, just as I had completed my sixteenth year, I was summoned one day into the parlor. The principal awaited me, holding an open letter, edged with black. Very gently she informed me of the sudden death of him, who, as I then first learned, was my father only by adoption.

"By his will I was liberally provided for, and, as I had no desire to remain in the house made lonely by his death, I returned to school soon after the funeral. His heirs were dissatisfied with the disposition of his property, and they succeeded, after prolonged litigation, in setting aside the will.

"Of course, I lost all that was designed for me, and was thrown on the world without resources, except in the education I had received. At the advice of my excellent teacher, and with the aid of her recommendation, I procured a situation as governess.

"My pupils were two lovely little girls, and by their parents I was received as an equal into the family circle and treated with the utmost kindness.

"It was here that I met Dudley Morris, and learned to love him. He was a distant relative of the family I resided with; not wealthy, but possessing sufficient for our comfortable support. We were married, and for more than a year our mutual happiness was undisturbed.

"When my Eva was a few months old, Dudley was summoned by his business on a voyage to New York. As his stay was likely to be prolonged, and as I much desired, chiefly for Eva's sake, to revisit my native land, it was decided that we should accompany him.

"The tedious voyage was nearly at an end, when, in the middle of the night, the vessel was discovered to be on fire in the hold. Our cargo consisted chiefly of highly combustible materials, and all efforts to check the progress of the flames were useless.

"Fortunately, we were sighted by a steamer, which came to our rescue just as we were taking to our boats. With the child, I was among the first to leave the burning vessel; and from the steamer's deck I could see Dudley helping some of the crew to lower the last frightened group of passengers into the boat.

"They had been placed in safety, and my gallant husband, waving his hat towards us, was preparing to follow with his companions, when a terrific explosion scattered high in air the masts and timbers of the deck they stood on. When the blazing fragments had descended, not a living thing was left on that charred and naked hull, and I and my forlorn babe had lost our only earthly protector! Then I seemed to pass long years in a fiery prison, beset with images of delirious horror; but I remember nothing clearly, until I awoke to consciousness in a New York hospital.

"Recovered, after a tedious convalescence, and being without the means of returning to my far distant friends, I endeavored to gain, by teaching, a support for myself and little Eva, now doubly dear to me.

"But her tender age was an impediment. I was wholly without acquaintances or recommendations, and, at length, was compelled to abandon the search for pupils and try to eke out a livelihood by my needle.

"The struggle has been hard; but I feel that my Heavenly Father has been with me through it all, and that he will support me even to the end, which is not far distant. Now that He has also raised up a protector for my Eva, gladly shall I go to join Dudley in realms where parting is unknown."

The story was ended. What feelings had been mine while perusing it! Evangeline, my loved and long-lost sister, and the mother of my darling Eva, were the same!

It seemed as if I could now account for the strong attraction which, from the first, had drawn me towards that pale and uncomplaining sufferer.

Would that she had earlier chosen to confide in me; but, at least, thank Heaven! even in my ignorance I had been led to tend her to the last with a care hardly less solicitous than would have followed on immediate recognition. I allowed Eva to call me mother till years had passed, and then, one evening, while her head rested on my bosom, I read to her the above narrative, adding what I have already told the reader.

But Eva always continued to address me by the same endearing title; and, though no child of my own was again vouchsafed to me, I was content in her affection, and I still remain so!

—The more haste a man makes to unravel a skein of thread, the more he entangles it.

PARIS EXPOSITION AWARDS.

BY WILLIAM ROSS WALLACE.

Golden medals, Honor's crosses,
  Shining proudly on each breast,
Giving lasting, brilliant justice
  To the genius of the West.

Not alone the wealth that follows
  From that verdict o'er the sea,
Shall be ours, but the splendor
  That from laurelled Mind must be.

What are all material triumphs
  But the basis for the pile
Reared by Learning, Art and Wisdom,
  In the light of Heaven's smile?

Then, let these make newer effort;
  On that basis stronger tower,
Spirit-life in every bosom,
  Millions thrilling with its power.

Yes, the whole majestic Nation,
  Ever pressing to that goal
Where the earth has coronation
  In pure, deathless, god-like *soul!*

ELLINWOOD'S TRAGEDY;

OR,

THE SECRET OF THE GREAT HOUSE

BY MARY C. VAUGHAN.

One morning Ellinwood woke up, and according to immemorial custom, cast its first glance at its great house. It, or its inhabitants, expected to see nothing. They never had, but they did now. Smokes, thick and black, were pouring from its chimneys. Some exclaimed that the building was on fire, and strove to raise a panic. Others said. "Pshaw! somebody has moved in," and stilled the panic by a sneer. The quiet opposition gained the day. No flames burst out; no excitement ensued. By night, Ellinwood became reconciled to the smokes and the presence of unknown neighbors.

In a week, all knew that the Seymour place had been rented by a Mrs. Dee. Her servants had told her name; but they either did not know, or did not choose to tell more. A few tried to find out, talked and thought and failed.

Ellinwood and Ellinwood people were not very different from other places and people. Country villages in the State of—well, we are not going to say *what* State—are all much alike at a certain stage of growth. They grow smart at the proper time, but that time had not arrived to Ellinwood.

The fact was, it had stopped growing some years previous to the date of our story—just at the time the Seymour family, with all their show, and fuss, and patronage, had deserted the place and shut up their handsome house. All the brisk new mechanics and shopkeepers had at once foreseen the downfall of Ellinwood, and followed in their track.

Nobody quite knew who the Seymours were, whence they came, whither they went. Ellinwood had never had any great people before them, nor any since; and it was all like a vision, the handsome great house and ornamented grounds—gradually going to ruin—alone remaining as a token that the Seymours had ever been.

And so years of time had passed. The people of Ellinwood had not quite forgotten the Seymours, who, to be sure, had never associated with them much; but they had never ceased to feel great interest and pride in the handsome, stately house, and to cast upon it, by habit, their first admiring morning glance.

This was what they did on the morning in question, and were rewarded by the sight of Mrs. Dee's smokes, the bustle of servants, and the litter of straw and packing boxes being emptied in the yard.

But in a few days these were gone, and the Dees had been accepted as quietly as they came; and Ellinwood waited to see how the new comers regarded their neighbors, too wise by the result of former experiences to make unwelcome advances.

There were Mrs. Dee, a pleasant, matronly lady of forty, a son of sixteen, and three younger daughters, a tutor for the son, a governess for the young ladies. And there was an army of servants—butler, housekeeper, with all their understrappers; a finical lady's maid, nursery maids and housemaids; footmen, gardeners, and I know not what dignitaries of the household, who, being finely clad, Ellinwood was at a loss whether to place in the category of gentlefolk or no.

One thing was certain: of Mrs. Dee they were to know nothing but her name, for she mingled with them not at all, and her household were singularly reticent of information or gossip about her former life.

There was no room for blame or faultfinding. She was dignified, but courteous; never haughty or overbearing. Nevertheless, there was a barrier the most curious and least sensitive could not overstep, and Ellinwood let Mrs. Dee alone. She became free from question, and, to a great extent, from remark.

She was good to the poor; kind to those who needed kindness; benevolent, charitable, thoughtful, wherever those characteristics were needed. Many a poor artisan, struggling widow, helpless widow, aspiring youth of small means, suddenly found wants supplied and desires rendered attainable, they hardly guessed how. But at last Ellinwood came to connect every silent good deed of this kind with the name of Mrs. Dee. It recognized her as a sort of local providence, fortunately placed there for its benefit; and then, after a time, it forgot its prejudices, neglected to speak spitefully of its best friend, because she did not choose to tell what it had no special right to know, and received kindness with gratitude, even if coming from a stranger hand.

And thus years, quiet, if not happy, moved on. When Mrs. Dee first came to Ellinwood, her face often wore a cloud, as of sorrow, and her form was somewhat attenuated, as by sickness or trouble; but as the years passed, the placid expression which seemed habitual to her returned, and the outline of her figure developed almost to robustness. Her children grew and throve. Her son had entered manhood. The days of the tutor had passed, and he had undertaken the tour of Europe. The oldest daughter was about to be married; at least the villagers so surmised, for a young gentleman, said to be a resident of a distant city, had been seen often at Mrs. Dee's, and in lover-like attendance upon Miss Eustatia.

Outwardly all was happiness and prosperity in that beautiful home. Ere this Ellinwood had acknowledged Mrs. Dee as its own—had become to feel the interest of habit and of gratitude in her. Her life had been beautiful in its sight. She was the great lady of the place, its benefactress and its friend. If not its intimate personal acquaintance, she still had claims more than enough upon its good words and deeds. It had forgotten suspicion and envy. Even curiosity had died into silence.

And then into the dead calm which slept over the quiet village a terrible thunderbolt fell. Ellinwood awoke to a quiet morn, which closed in a tumultuous eve of excitement, horror, and mystery.

Mrs. Dee had been murdered in her room the past night. No noise had been heard, no sign of the entrance of strangers had been noted; but there, in that quiet nook, that centre of household joys, the "mother's room," lay the fair placid woman, dead from a deep wound in the neighborhood of the heart. The weapon which had inflicted it, a curious knife which had often been seen in her hands, still remained in it. There were no evidences of a struggle. She seemed to have been stabbed in her sleep, and even the placid smile of repose had not faded from her face.

This was the first tidings which met newly awakened Ellinwood. Troops of villagers soon surrounded the house. An adventurous few even gained admittance to the apartment in which the crime had been committed. The house and grounds were in the keeping of the authorities, and traces of the murderer were closely sought.

Nothing was found. At night Ellinwood congratulated itself that the assassin had been arrested. Miss Jewell, the governess of the little daughters of Mrs. Dee, was in the hands of the authorities.

No one doubted her connection with the crime. True, there was not an item of proof. The sheath of the curious knife had been found on the table in her sleeping apartment, but the youngest child had seen it there several days previously. Miss Jewell was a young woman of very lovely character, much trusted by Mrs. Dee, indeed her friend and almost inseparable companion. To the children she was a second mother, to the older daughter a friend, equally loved and revered. She had no motive for committing the crime as far as could be discovered, the only results of it being to her the loss of a home, the death of her benefactress, and the destruction of the happiness and comfort of a family who had been very dear to her for many years.

Nevertheless, the sheath of the murderous knife had been found in her room, and nobody admitted a doubt of her guilt. That is to say, nobody in Ellinwood.

As for Miss Jewell, she simply asserted her innocence. She had no proof of it, or offered none. Her little favorite, Adèle, had passed the night with her, but her slumbers had been unbroken. As for Miss Jewell, she had been suffering from toothache, and had not slept well until near morning, when, under the influence of an opiate, she had slept dreamlessly for several hours. Once in the night she had fancied she heard sounds from Mrs. Dee's room; but, on knocking at the door of her friend, had received no answer; when, as she said, convinced she had been mistaken, and fearing to disturb her further, had retired to her own room. She could tell nothing more of the night, and when asked for any facts of Mrs. Dee's history which could point suspicion to any source, had declined to answer.

That night a horror brooded over Ellinwood, and the gossips had been heard to declare that they were unable to sleep so near the murderess. The next morning all breathed more freely when Miss Jewell had been removed to the county jail.

And then days passed, and that fixed for the funeral arrived. The eldest son had landed at New York on the day after the murder had been committed. He hurried home to aid in its investigation, and to give his protection to his sisters.

He, no more than the rest, had been able to elicit anything. As soon as possible he visited Miss Jewell at the jail. He had scouted the idea of her connection with the crime from the first.

"I should as soon believe my sister to be the guilty one," he said.

And yet, after his visit to Miss Jewell, he was observed to exercise a singular reticence. He, too, declined to give any information in relation to the past life of his mother, or the family history.

"Be silent, as I shall," Miss Jewell had said to him. "There is not a particle of evidence against me, and nobody here knows anything about him or his connection with your family. I know and respect the wishes she cherished."

They parted like a mother and son, and these words had been overheard and were afterward repeated. They turned, in some degree, the current of popular feeling, and suggested an apparently unsolvable mystery. It was evident that both son and governess guessed, if they did not know, the name of the murderer. Was it that, or were these two, so near and dear to her who was gone, accomplices in the crime of her destruction?

The next day witnessed the funeral of Mrs. Dee. The son led the procession. The daughters followed. No one of the household was absent save the once faithful governess, now languishing in prison under the fatal accusation of murdering her benefactress and friend. Tears and sobs re-echoed through the vast concourse. The occasion, the sermon of the pastor, with its simple and touching eloquence, were overpowering in their effects. More than one woman fainted, and one man, a stranger, and of middle age, was seen to steal from the secluded seat he had chosen, and with tears streaming down his seamed cheeks, to leave the church. Next morning this very man was found lying on the damp mould of the newly made grave quite dead!

The mystery deepened. Whence came he? Who was he whom they consigned to the solitude of a pauper's grave? Tongues would be stilled no longer. The Dee name was no longer respected, but it floated on the breeze from every lip.

This excitement had not time to subside ere the trial of Miss Jewell took place. Pale and worn, yet cheerful, she took her place at the bar, heard herself arraigned as a murderess, and pleaded "not guilty." A glance, quick and suddenly withdrawn, passed between her and young Dee. He could not prevent her trial, but he seemed determined to show that it was not because he loved her less, but was powerless to prevent the events from which she suffered.

The testimony on this trial took a wider range than that which had been sought in earlier stages of the proceedings. Once more questions were asked in regard to the family history of the Dee's, and in relation to persons and associations among which the clue to the probable murderer might be found. No refusal to give testimony was now tolerated, and circumstances of which Ellinwood was yet ignorant came to light.

Ten years before Mrs. Dee had been worse than widowed by the commission of a great crime by her husband. His sentence had been imprisonment for life. He had not been a good husband, nor his wife a happy woman. But she had loved him long and well. This love had mostly died out before the commission of this crime—starved and crushed out of existence, as even that most tenacious of all human sentiments *may* sometimes be.

But she had deeply felt his depravity. Her pride had rebelled against his disgrace, and the infamy which necessarily attached to his family. She had resolved to bury from their sight, and from the world, all knowledge of it, as far as was possible.

Thus she had assumed another name. The older children still remembered their father, to the younger ones he was but a myth, an intangible something which had no existence in their consciousness. Removed to a portion of the country entirely strange to them, among strange people, and bearing a strange name, they gradually forgot him, and, even to the elder ones, he seemed like the unreal inhabitant of a dream.

Fortunately Mrs. Dee possessed in her own right great wealth. The horrors of poverty were not added to her trials. She had almost recovered her former freedom and lightness of heart, when the blow fell, and the mortal scene was closed. All this at last became known to the public of Ellinwood.

As Miss Jewell had said, there was not a particle of evidence against her. She was discharged, with only the merest form of a trial. But another and still darker secret was developed—the secret she had hoped by her sacrifice still to conceal for the sake of these doubly orphan children.

It was their fate to learn it in its saddest form, this double mystery. The existence, until recently, of the criminal father, and that he, with scarcely the possibility of a doubt, had been the murderer of their mother. Corroborative evidence was found in plenty, the moment the clue was discovered, to fix the crime upon him. He had wept in late repentance at her funeral, he had died upon her grave, but in vain all, in vain Miss Jewell's sacrifice. All the dark past had come to light, and the secret, so long and safely hidden, had been made manifest. The curse of knowledge of a parent's crimes had fallen upon the orphans. The intended marriage was broken off, and two young hearts crushed, and the shadow of sorrow and disgrace brooded over the once happy home.

All this happened many years ago. The great house at Ellinwood has long been closed. Its gardens are wildernesses. It is the habitation of owls and vermin. The family are scattered, and their dread secret and their sorrow have long been the property of an unpitying world.

The irreversible doom of humanity was upon these children. They, the innocent, bore the guilt of their parent upon their scatheless brows.

EARNING A WIFE.

BY MARY GRACE HALPINE.

"And so you want to marry my daughter, young man," said farmer Blifkins, removing the pipe from his mouth, and looking at the young fellow sharply from head to toe.

Despite his rather indolent, effeminate air, which was mainly the result of his education, Luke Jordan was a fine-looking fellow, and not easily moved from his self-possession; but he colored and grew confused beneath that sharp, scrutinizing look.

"Yes, sir. I spoke to Miss Mary last evening, and she—she referred me to you."

The old man's face softened.

"Molly is a good girl, a *very* good girl," he said, stroking his chin with a thoughtful air, "and she deserves a good husband. What can you do?"

The young man looked rather blank at this abrupt inquiry.

"If you refer to my ability to support a wife, I can assure you——"

"I know that you are a rich man, Luke Jordan, but I take it for granted that you ask my girl to marry *you*, not your property. What guarantee can you give me, in case it should be swept away,—as it is in thousands of instances,—that you could provide for her a comfortable home? You have hands and brains—do you know how to use them? Again I ask, what can you *do?*"

This was a style of catechism for which Luke was quite unprepared, and he stared blankly at the questions without speaking.

"I believe you managed to get through college—have you any profession?"

"No, sir; I thought——"

"Have you any trade?"

"No, sir; my father thought that, with the wealth I should inherit, I should not need any."

"Your father thought like a fool, then. He'd much better have given you some honest occupation and cut you off with a shilling—it might have been the making of you. As it is, what are you fit for? Here you are, a strong, able-bodied young man, twenty-four years old, and never earned a dollar in your life! You ought to be ashamed of yourself."

"And you want to marry my daughter," resumed the old man, after a few vigorous puffs at his pipe. "Now I've given Molly as good advantages for learning as any girl in town, and she hasn't thrown 'em away; but if she didn't know how to work, she'd be no daughter of mine. If I chose, I could keep more than one servant; but I don't, no more than I choose that my daughter should be a pale, spiritless creature, full of dyspepsia and all manner of fine-lady ailments, instead of the smiling, bright-eyed, rosy-cheeked lass she is. I *did* say that she should marry no lad that had been cursed with a rich father; but she's taken a foolish liking to ye, and I'll tell ye what I'll do: go to work, and prove yourself to be a man; perfect yourself in some occupation—I don't care what, so it be honest; then come to me, and, if the girl is willing, she is yours."

As the old man said this, he deliberately knocked the ashes out of his pipe against one of the pillars of the porch where he was sitting, tucked it into his vest pocket, and went into the house.

Pretty Mary Blifkins was waiting to see her lover down at the garden-gate, their usual trysting place. The smiling light faded from her eyes as she noticed his sober, discomfited look.

"Father means well," she said, as Luke told her the result of his application.

"And I'm not sure but what he is about right," she resumed, after a thoughtful pause, "for it seems to me that every man, be he rich or poor, ought to have some occupation."

Then, as she noticed her lover's grave look, she added softly:

"Never mind; I'll wait for you, Luke."

Luke Jordan suddenly disappeared from his accustomed haunts, much to the surprise of his gay associates. But, wherever he went, he carried with him in his exile these words, and which were like a tower of strength to his soul, "I'll wait for you, Luke!"

One pleasant, sunshiny morning, late in October, as farmer Blifkins was propping up the grape-vine in his front yard, that threatened to break down with the weight of its luxurious burdens, a neat-looking cart drove up, from which Luke Jordan alighted with a quick, elastic spring, quite in contrast to his formerly easy, leisurely movements.

"Good morning, Mr. Blifkins. I understood that you wanted to buy some butter-tubs and cider barrels. I think I have some here that will just suit you."

"Whose make are they?" inquired the old man, as, opening the gate, he paused by the wagon.

"Mine," replied Luke, with an air of pardonable pride; "and I challenge any cooper in the State to beat them."

Mr. Blifkins examined them critically one by one.

"They'll do," he said, coolly, as he set down the last of the lot. "What will ye take for them?"

"What I asked you for six months ago to-day—your daughter, sir."

The roguish twinkle in the old man's eyes broadened into a smile.

"You've got the right metal in you after all," he cried. "Come in, lad—come in. I shouldn't wonder if we made a trade, after all."

Nothing loth, Luke obeyed.

"Molly!" bawled Mr. Blifkins, thrusting his head into the kitchen door.

Molly tripped out into the entry. The round, white arms were bared above the elbows, and bore traces of the flour she had been sifting. Her dress was a neat gingham, over which was tied a blue checked apron; but she looked as winning and lovely as she always did wherever she was found.

She blushed and smiled as she saw Luke, and then, turning her eyes upon her father, waited, dutifully, to hear what he had to say.

The old man regarded his daughter for a moment with a quizzical look.

"Molly, this young man—mayhap you've seen him before—has brought me a lot of tubs and barrels, all of his own make—a right good article, too. He asks a pretty steep price for 'em; but if you are willing to give it, well and good; and hark ye, my girl, whatever bargain you make your old father will ratify."

As Mr. Blifkins said this, he considerately stepped out of the room, and we will follow his example. But the kind of bargain the young people made can readily be conjectured by the speedy wedding that followed.

Luke Jordan turned his attention to the study of medicine, of which profession he became a useful and influential member; but every year, on the anniversary of his marriage, he delights his father-in-law by some specimen of the handicraft by which he won what *he* declares to be "the best and dearest wife in the world."

REMARKABLE ESCAPES.

During the horrors of the French revolution, a tradesman at Lyons, of the name of Grivet, a man of mild and simple manners, was brought in one evening, sentenced, among a number of others, to perish the next morning. Those who were already in the cave pressed round the new comer to sympathize with him, to console him, and to fortify him for the stroke he was about to encounter; but Grivet had no need of consolation, he was as calm and composed as if he had been in his own house. "Come and sup with us," said they, "this is the last inn in the journey of life; to-morrow we shall arrive at our long home." Grivet accepted the invitation, and supped heartily. Desirous to sleep as well, he retired to the remotest corner of the cave, and, burying himself in his straw, seemed not to bestow a thought on his approaching fate. The morning arrived: the other prisoners were tied together and led away without Grivet's perceiving anything, or being perceived. Fast asleep, enveloped in his straw, he neither saw nor was seen. The door of the cave was locked; and when he awoke awhile after, he was in the utmost astonishment to find himself in perfect solitude. The day passed, and no new prisoners were brought into the cave. The next was the decade, when the judges did not sit, nor did they, for some other reason, sit the following day. Grivet remained all the time in his solitude, subsisting on some scattered provisions which he found about the cave, and sleeping every night with the same tranquility as the first. On the evening of the fourth day the turnkey brought in a new prisoner, and became as one thunder-struck on seeing a man, or, as he almost believed it, a spirit in the cave. He called the sentinels, who instantly appeared. "Who art thou?" said he to Grivet, "and how comest thou here?" Grivet answered that he had been there for four days: "Doubtless," he added, "when my companions in misfortune were led away to death, I slept and heard nothing, and no one thought to awaken me. It was my misfortune, since all would now have been past, whereas I have lived with the prospect of death always before me; but the misfortune will now undoubtedly be repaired since I see you. "The turnkey hastened to the tribunal to excuse himself for what had happened. Grivet was summoned before it; he was interrogated anew. It was a moment of lenity with the judges, and he was set at liberty.

An instance once occurred of escape after condemnation which deserves to be mentioned, because the fact is both remarkable and well attested. A number of persons were returning back to prison after sentence had been passed upon them that they were to be guillotined the next morning. They were, according to custom, tied by the hands, two and two, with a cord, and were escorted by a guard. In their way they were met by a woman, who, with loud cries, reclaimed her husband, asserting that he was a good patriot, and had been unjustly condemned; and she could bring proofs of his patriotism, known to all the world. It so happened that the judge who had condemned the prisoners passed by at that moment, and, hearing the clamors of the women, inquired what could occasion them. This being explained, and the judge very happily being in a more merciful humor than usual, said that a good patriot must not be executed, and if the woman's assertions were true, it was very right that her husband should be released. He accordingly ordered the man to be unbound and brought to him, when he asked several questions respecting his patriotism, and what he had done for the good of the republic; to all which he received answers so satisfactory, that he declared him to be a good sans-culotte, unjustly condemned, and ordered him to be set at liberty on the spot. This affair, as may easily be imagined, soon drew a number of people together, so that the prisoners were mingled promiscuously with the mulitude.

The companion with whom the man had been yoked finding himself single and unobserved, the eyes and attention of all present being now otherwise engaged, thought that a favorable opportunity of escape was presented; thrusting, therefore, the hand which had the cord round it into his waistcoat, that the cord might not be seen, which would have betrayed him, he, with great coolness made his way through the crowd as if he had been a spectator only, drawn among them by curiosity. When he found himself at liberty, he hastened to the port, which was not far off, and jumping into a boat, ordered the boatman to row in all haste to a place which he named at the other end of the port. The boatman obeyed; but here a difficulty arose which had not immediately occurred to the fugitive, that he had not so much as a sol in his pocket to pay his fare:—for when any one was arrested, whatever money he might have about him, or any thing else of value, was immediately taken away as confiscated property. What was to be done in a situation so embarrassing? He did not lose his presence of mind; but, feeling in his pocket, said, with a well-affected surprise, that it was very unlucky, but he had forgotten his purse, and had not any money with him. The boatman began to swear and make a great outcry, saying that this was all a mere excuse, that he was a cheat, and wanted to make him work without being paid. The fugitive then, as if a sudden recollection had struck him, put his hand in his pocket, and drew out the cord from which, during the passage, he had contrived to disengage it: "Here, my friend," said he, "take this; I by no means wish to cheat you; I cannot tell how it has happened that I have come out without money; but this cord, if you will accept it, is worth more than your fare." "Oh, yes, yes—take it, take it," said a number of other boatmen who were standing by, "the citizen is right, the cord is a good cord, and worth triple your fare; I don't believe he meant to cheat, he looks like an honest citizen." The boatman took the advice, and accepted the cord: and the liberated victim walked off to the house of a friend in the neighborhood, where he remained concealed the rest of the day. When night came, he made his escape from the town, his friend furnishing him with money and other necessaries for his journey; nor had many days elapsed before he was safe out of the republic.

WIT AND HUMOR.

THE GREEN MOUNTAIN BOY.—A traveller crossing the Green Mountains, in Vermont, in the month of August, discovered a bare-headed and bare-footed urchin, with a large tin bucket by his side, digging into a deep snow-drift, and very innocently put the question—"My young lad, what do you intend to do with that snow?" "Why, sir, mother wants to thaw it to get water to wash with." "Then why not take it from the top of the drift, instead of digging so deep?" "Why, sir, that on the top ain't good for nothing—the warm weather has *dried all the water out on't!*"

A SEASONABLE HINT.—A day or two since, while a gentleman was examining a harness he had just purchased, it was discovered that one of the buckles was deficient of a tongue. The master of the shop was apologizing for the oversight, when one of his boys sung out, "If you have lost your tongue, I will lend you mine." His impertinence was soon checked by the customer, with this remark: "But I want a *tongue that will keep its place.*"

ADVANTAGES OF CONFINEMENT.—An Italian conversing with some friends on the subject of the great injury Rome had sustained from an inundation of the Tiber, declared that they ought all to pray for the river to be seriously indisposed in future. Being asked for his reason, he replied, "Because he does nothing but mishief when not *confined to his bed.*"

MODEST LOVE.

Papa forbids my loving more,
The gentle, modest Theodore;
Yet often says, the precept given
"To love thy neighbor," came from heaven.
And must not that dear youth be one,
I'm sure *his house adjoins our own!*

A SUCCESSFUL ALIBI.—A fellow in Philadelphia the other day, accused of stealing a violin, scorned the injurious aspersion upon his honor, and claimed the benefit of an alibi. He proved his innocence by the records of the court, showing thereby, that when the fiddle was stolen, he was serving out a sentence for stealing a bass drum.

SQUARE GIMLETS.—"I want to see some of your gimlets," said a greenhorn one day, as he entered a hardware-store. The dealer took down several parcels, neither of which suited. "Well, then, what kind do you want? here is almost every variety." "Why, darn it, I want them what bores square holes."

A RAW ONE.—"Fine chance for you to live on wind," said an old fellow to a Grahamite, after an east wind had been blowing constantly for a week. "Yes," said the man of saw-dust bread, "but then one doesn't relish it so well raw."

A FRIEND IN NEED.

A friend in need's a friend indeed,
  And this I've found most true;
But mine is such a *needy* friend,
  He sticks to me like glue.

COMFORTABLE ADVICE.—How to take care of yourself in the winter:—Wear a great-coat and long boots; carry an umbrella; and whenever it rains take a hackney coach for an *overall!*

EVENTFUL PERIODS IN THE LIFE OF A WOMAN.—There are two eventful periods in the life of a woman: one, when she wonders who she will have; the other, when she wonders who will have her.

COURAGE.—As an old woman was lately walking through one of the streets of Montreal at midnight, a patrole called out, "Who's there?" "It is I, patrole," said she; "dont be afraid."

"WHAT is the difference 'twixt a watch and a fedder bed, Sam?" "Dunno—gin it up." "Because de tickin of de watch is on the inside, and the tickin of the bed is on the outside."

A DEFINITIVE ANSWER.

"Marriage!" quoth Kate, "define it if you can, sir?"
"The bachelor's last folly!" was the answer.

A VERY unpopular officer for the ladies—General Housework.

THE prettiest neck-tie for a lady—the arms of her baby.

CURRENT ITEMS.

A PARTY of travellers who have been exploring along the Yellow Stone river, in the far Northwest, report that on eight miles of the country there are the most wonderful volcanic appearances, blue flames issuing from the ground, accompanied by a strong whistling sound, craters abounding in every direction and streams of molten brimstone. Hell was the name they gave that newly-discovered country.

A BOY who was suffering from hunger, the other day, in Newark, N. J., stole from another boy walking through the street the dinner which the latter was carrying to his father. The boy who committed the theft swallowed the dinner while the other was searching for a policeman, and when the officer reached the spot it was too late to replevin, and the accused was allowed to go on bail.

CORK has numerous uses. There is necessarily waste in cutting wine corks, which was formerly of no value; now this waste, ground very small and mixed with India-rubber, forms "kamptulicon." Ground to powder, it is used in the process of vulcanizing India-rubber, which can then be made into the most delicate forms. Mattresses filled with fine cork cuttings will resist damp.

JOHN MCGRATH had a silver cup given him by his comrades on taking his discharge. He has served twenty-two years, has five good-conduct badges, a medal for distinguished conduct in the field, a medal for good conduct and long service, and the Crimean and Turkish medals, and for all that leaves the service a private. But then it is the British service.

THE Press, of Vienna, states that lately what is called a shower of frogs fell in that city. After a stormy evening and an extraordinary warm rain, the borders of the canal were found, early the following morning, to be covered with thousands of young frogs of the same size and color. In some places they were in heaps.

MISS CLARA E. MARTIN, daughter of Alfred Martin, of Jackson, N. H., 8 years old, wove with her own hands, in a patent loom, forty-five yards of good wool cloth the past winter, and assisted in taking care of an invalid sister and a sick mother. This is a good example for our village damsels even of more years.

A LADY passenger between Norfolk and New York, by sea, who, while her attention was directed to a passing ship, unfortunately plied the fan too near her person, and raked from her bosom a magnificent diamond brooch, knocking it into the sea. The value of the pin was $500.

A LARGE lynx was killed on a farm near Newton, Ind., a few days ago. It was attacked by two dogs, and had nearly killed one of them, when one of the hands working on the place came to the rescue and succeeded in despatching the animal.

THE number of white male taxable inhabitants in Philadelphia, this year, amounts to 132,968, against 125,828, for 1866—being an increase of 7,140 persons. The number of votes annually polled does not near equal the taxables.

A TRAIN on the Northwestern railroad, in the western part of Iowa, was on Saturday delayed one hour and a quarter by grasshoppers, which covered the track so thick that the engine-drivers slipped on the rails.

A TRACT of land owned by Joseph Jones, of Warren county, North Carolina, which cost forty thousand dollars before the war, was sold for five thousand six hundred dollars by the United States Marshal last week.

IN the cafe near the Puerta del Sol, at Madrid, there are hundreds of visitors, whose sole refreshment is a penny glass of sugar and water, while sipping which they spend the whole evening.

THE English Parliament House clock is of such magnitude that the time required to wind it up is two hours. The dials are twenty-two feet in diameter, and the hour bell weighs fifteen tons.

THE Government has refused to give up the trunk of J. Wilkes Booth and its contents to Edwin Booth. The assassin had left the trunk at the National Hotel at Washington.

AT Fort Sedgwick, Colorado, government pays thirty-three dollars per cord for fire-wood. The article is so scarce only one tree is standing in a distance of 45 miles from the post.

CORN is now being shipped North from the Southern States, and it is pleasant to know that some portions of that unfortunate section are this year producing a surplus of grain.

MAXIMILIAN'S widow is slowly recovering from her insanity.

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

ROBERT BONNER, Editor and Proprietor.

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RECOLLECTIONS OF A BUSY LIFE.

By HORACE GREELEY.

No. IX.

A YEAR BY LAKE ERIE.

When I entered Poultney, an aspirant to apprenticeship in her printing-office, I knew no one of her citizens or residents; when I left that place, after a quiet sojourn of a little more than four years, I parted with many valued friends, of whom all who survive still, I trust, remain such. I have never since known a community so generally moral, intelligent, industrious and friendly—never one where so much good was known and so little evil said of neighbor by neighbor. There is no single individual among the many whose acquaintance I formed there of whom I have other than a kindly remembrance; while of nearly all those with whom I was brought into immediate contact I cherish fervid and grateful recollections.

The two-story wooden house, whence our *Spectator* was issued, still stands on the east side of the street leading from north to south, a few rods south-east of the Baptist meeting-house, near the centre of the village green; but the printing materials were packed up directly after I left, and have been sold away—I know not whither. No single number of a journal has been issued from that town since I left it in June, 1830.

A friend of like years accompanied me thence by wagon to Comstock's Landing, on the Champlain Canal, where we waited, scarcely twelve miles from Poultney, through a dreary day of pelting rain, for a line-boat from Whitehall, whereby we crept snail-like to Troy, and thence, by another such conveyance, to Buffalo; though my friend stopped to look about him not far westward of Rochester. I kept on by steamboat on Lake Erie to Dunkirk, and thence diagonally across Chautauqua county to my father's in Pennsylvania.

I think it was on this visit that I made my best day's walk—from Fredonia through Mayville and Mina to my father's, which can hardly be less than forty miles now, and by the zig-zags we then made must have been considerably farther. I have known my father to walk fifty-two miles in a day—that is, betwixt morning and midnight—and I had made thirty-six miles per day (from Salem, Washington county, N. Y., to Westhaven) before I was fifteen years old; but I caught a horseback ride for several miles of the distance. I estimated the route I travelled from Fredonia to Wayne at 45 miles of bad road, equal to 50 of good. He who will measure his walk by mile-stones, as I have done, will discover that lively and persistent stepping, with no stopping to chase butterflies, is required to make four miles per hour. I have done this on the tow-path of the Delaware and Raritan Canal; but the sweat started freely pretty early in the second mile. Beginning at twenty-five miles per day, walking slowly, but keeping pretty constantly in motion, you may add two to three miles per day, till you have reached forty; all above that, I judge, must, for most persons, involve exhaustive fatigue. I once walked across a corner of Chautauqua Lake when it was freshly frozen, and learned that walking on smooth ice, no matter how firm and assured your tread, will start the sweat on the coldest day, though you have been quite cool enough while walking on hard, frozen ground.

The railroads have nearly killed pedestrianism, and I regret it. Days of steady, solitary walking I have found most favorable to patient meditation. To study nature profitably, you must be left alone with her—she does not unveil herself to babbling, shouting crowds. A walk of two or three hundred miles in a calm, clear October, is one of the cheap and wholesome luxuries of life, as free to the poor as the rich. I do not regard the modern student plan of tramping and camping, ten to twenty in a mess, as its fair equivalent. A solitary walk of day after day is inevitably sober, quiet, thoughtful; and the weary pedestrian washes his feverish feet and drops asleep very soon after he has halted at night. An encampment of several pedestrians, whether in tent or tavern, is prone to stories, songs, games, feasting, drinking, and often to boisterous hilarity, whereby rest is postponed or sacrificed, and health imperilled. Of course, these evils are often shunned or repelled; yet I would advise the young pedestrian, who seeks mainly enjoyment, to travel with a single, well-chosen friend; if his aim be meditation and self-improvement, let him swing his pack and step off entirely alone.

I was once traveling in the company of a chance companion, whom I had never seen before and have not seen since,—a man of perhaps forty years,—when our route led us through the village of Mayville, Chatauqua Co., N. Y. We were in doubt as to our road beyond that village, and civilly inquired our way of a thrifty citizen whom we met. He looked us well over, and, seeing that we were evidently of no account, he vouchsafed us never a word of reply, but passed us in utter silence. We, too, walked on without remark, until at length my companion broke the stillness with the abrupt observation:

"I am glad I have got to die some time."

I did not see the point, and looked inquiry.

"Because," he resumed, "that man has got to die just the same as I have."

I saw.

On my first visit to my father's forest home, I had entered the little hamlet termed Clymer—then of four or five very new houses—just at dusk of a Saturday night, when I learned that the log cabin I sought was three miles away in a south-westerly course. "But you can't make your way to it to-night," I was very properly advised. I tried to hire some one to guide me, but without success; there was no tavern to stay at; and I took the track pointed out, and plunged into the darkening woods. Half a mile on, the cart-tracks diverged; and I took the more easterly and wrong one. I went on till I found a log-cabin tenanted by a mother and her children, who responded to my inquiries that they knew the way to Zack Greeley's quite well, but that it was two miles off, through dense woods, away from any road, and could not be reached that night, especially as the two intervening cabins stood tenantless—their usual occupants having gone off to work on the Pennsylvania State Canal then being dug in the vicinity of Meadville. I was pressed to stay here till morning, and—there being no practicable alternative—consented. The house was quite new, and consisted of a single room some twenty by sixteen feet, and the logs of which it was built were still so green that the fire was made close to one side, on the bare earth, with no fire-place and no chimney save a hole through the bark-covered roof. The man of the house soon came home, and we all slept sweetly till morning, when I made my way to my destination.

The cabin which my father had bought with his land was a little better than that I have just described, but nothing to brag of. My mother—born half a century after the log-cabin stage of Londonderry—could never be reconciled to this nor to either of the two rather better ones that the family tenanted before it emerged into a poor sort of framed house. In fact, she had plunged into the primitive forest too late in life, and never became reconciled to the pioneer's inevitable discomforts. The chimney of the best log-house, she insisted, *would* smoke; and its roof, in a driving, drenching rain, *would* leak, do what you might. I think the shadow of the great woods oppressed her from the hour she first entered them, and, though removed but two generations from pioneer ancestors, she was never reconciled to what the less roughly bred must always deem privations and hardships. I never caught the old smile on her face, the familiar gladness in her mood, the hearty joyfulness in her manner, from the day she entered those woods until that of her death, nearly thirty years later, in August, 1855. Though not yet 68, she had for years been worn out by hard work, and broken down in mind and body. Those who knew her only in her later years, when toil and trouble had gained the victory over her, never truly knew her at all.

My father had for many years—perhaps from boyhood—fixed his affections on Western Pennsylvania as his ultimate home; and the region to which his footsteps were at length directed is essentially a good one. Situated on high, moderately rolling land, just across the line from Clymer, Chautauqua county, N. Y., in Erie county, Pa., two miles from the line of Warren county, the region is healthy and the soil strong, though better adapted to grass than to grain. He never wished to move again. Still, it was a mistake, at his time of life, to plunge so deep into the primitive forest. The giant timber—Beech, Maple, Hemlock, Elm, Ash, Basswood, &c.—yielded very slowly to his axe; he and my brother were often a full winter month in chopping off an acre; and logging up and burning made another serious job; still leaving the soil cold with green roots and deformed by an eruption of stumps, which must be allowed years in which to rot out. A wealthy pioneer, who can pay for slashing or winrowing forty to eighty acres at once of timber when in full leaf, and can afford to let it lie untouched for a full year, (better still, two years,) and then put fire into it when favored by a dry spell and a good breeze, then log off and put it into grain forthwith, may clear at a third of the cost and have his land in far better condition than the poor settler, who must burn up his timber green, because he needs the land to till, and cannot afford to lay out of the fruits of his labor for years. Thus, a poor man hews a farm out of the great woods at more than twice the proper cost, and injures the soil by the process. I presume my folks gave two thousand days' work to gathering ashes from their burned log-heaps and leaching them into "Black Salts," (the base of Pot and Pearl Ashes,) because they must have wherewith to pay store-bills, though the product did not give fifty cents' return for each fair day's work, and the removal of the ashes impoverished the soil by more than the amount. But the crops grown among green roots, in a small excavation from a vast, tall forest, are precarious and scanty at best, being preyed upon by pigeons in myriads, and by all manner of four-footed beasts, and the pioneer's family must somehow live while he slowly transforms the stubborn wilderness into fruitful fields and orchards.

After spending some weeks at home, I sought work at my trade in various directions: finding a little first at Jamestown, N. Y., and, after an interval, more at Lodi, (now Gowanda), Cattaraugus county, where I received $11 per month for six weeks; but my employer could afford to hire a journeyman no longer, and I thence walked home across Chautauqua county, about January 1st, 1831, and remained a full month—a bitter cold one—chopping with my father and brother, but not very efficiently and satisfactorily. Fully convinced that the life of a pioneer was one to which I was poorly adapted, I made one more effort to resume my chosen calling. Having already exhausted the possibilities in the printing line of Chattauqua county, I now visited Erie, Pa., where I found work in the office of *The Erie Gazette*, and was retained at $15 per month well into the ensuing summer.

This was the first newspaper whereon I was employed that made any money for its owner, and thus had a pecuniary value. It had been started twenty years or so before, when borough and county were both thinly peopled, almost wholly by poor, young men, and it had grown with the vicinage until it had a substantial, profitable patronage. Its proprietor, Mr. Joseph M. Sterrett, now in the prime of life, had begun with it as a boy, and grown up with it into general consideration and esteem; his journeymen and apprentices boarded at his house, as was fit; and I spent here five months industriously and agreeably. Though still a raw youth of twenty years, and knowing no one in the borough when I thus entered it, I made acquaintances there who are still valued friends; and, before I left, I was offered a partnership in the concern; which, though I had reasons for declining, was none the less flattering as a mark of appreciation and confidence. Mr. Sterret has since represented his district acceptably in the Senate of Pennsylvania, and received other proofs of the trustful regard of his fellow-citizens; and, though he has retired from *The Gazette*, still lives in the enjoyment of competence and general esteem.

Erie dwells in my memory as a place which started with too sanguine expectations, and was thus exposed to an early check, from which it has never fully recovered. From time to time, its early dreams of greatness have been revived by a State canal, by railroads, by coal-mines, and at length by the oil developments of the Titusville region not far south of it; but they have never been fully realized. It was rather a busy borough for its size in 1831; it is much larger and more important now; yet it has seen Buffalo, Cleveland, Toledo, on either side, rise above it like meteors, and not merely achieve a preeminence but retain it. I fancy it must have ceased even to dream of coming grandeur by this time.

The quality for which its people were most remarkable in 1831 was an intense addiction to partizan strife. An ardent politician from childhood, I was fairly appalled by the assiduity and vehemence wherewith political controversy was prosecuted by nearly every man and boy I met in Erie. I have seen individual politicians elsewhere who could never set eyes on a stranger without mentally measuring up the feet and inches of party capital that might be made out of him; but in Erie politics seemed the universal and engrossing topic to an extent and in a degree I have never known paralleled. Possibly, however, there was a temporary frenzy on the subject while I stayed there, from which her people have long since recovered. At all events, I will *hope* so.

At length, work failed at *The Gazette* office, and I was constrained to take a fresh departure. No printing-office in all that region wanted a journeyman. The West seemed to be laboring under a surfeit of printers. One was advertised for to take charge of a journal at Wilkesbarre, Pa., and I applied for the place, but failed to secure it. I would gladly have still given faithful labor at ease and press through some years yet for $15 per month and board, or even less; but it was not to be had. So, upon full consideration, I decided to turn my step toward the Commercial Emporium, while still considerably younger than I would have preferred to be on making such a venture. Paying a parting visit to my father's, under the reasonable expectation that my next absence would be a long one, I divided with him my Erie earnings, and, with $25 in my pocket and very little extra clothing in my bundle, I set my face toward New York.

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THE PURCHASE OF DEXTER—A WORLD'S FAIR ON OUR OWN ACCOUNT.

The Emperor of the French has just been having a World's Fair, at Paris, offering premiums in a great many departments of science and art. The Hon. Horace Greeley has been conducting the annual fair of the American Institute, of which he is President, in this city, and which bestows prizes for numerous articles, from a washing-machine to a bed-quilt, from an apple to an ox. County and State Fairs are being held all over the country. Chief-Justice Chase and other politicians find them favorable occasions to show themselves to the people; for the people flock to them in almost unlimited numbers.

One remark applies to all the County and State Fairs: The horse attracts more attention than all other animals together. There is no other animal which the human race prizes so highly. Now we have established a sort of World's Fair, on our own account, for one particular class of horses: that is, the *fastest*. For the fastest trotter in the world we pay a higher price than any other man. This encourages and rewards the raising and training of the very best of horses: an incalculable benefit to the country in time of peace; and, for the uses of cavalry and artillery, of still greater value in war. In the beginning of the late war the Southern people possessed an advantage over us, in the superiority of their cavalry horses, which cost us thousands of lives.

At most fairs great dissatisfaction results from the award of the premiums. Partiality and injustice are almost always charged upon the committees and the judges by the disappointed competitors. Thus a legion of piano-forte-makers are now wrangling in the papers about the legion of honor business in Paris. With our awards no fault is ever found. We apply an absolute test—the watch. We pretend to no superiority over Louis Napoleon, Mr. Greeley, or the other leaders of fairs in any respect save this: that our method of determining the award of premiums is more reliable than theirs. Our money never goes for an undeserving horse, and, consequently, never to an owner not entitled to it. Then, we believe, our premiums compare favorably with those offered by any society, as will appear by the following receipt:

"Received, New York, Sept. 18th, 1867, of ROBERT BONNER, Esq., thirty-three thousand dollars for the horse *Dexter*, sold by previous agreement, and this day delivered by me to him, and warranted sound.
A. F. FAWSETT."

Some people say that we have got the purchase-money of *Dexter* all back again in the advertising which it has given the *Ledger*. We know that is true; but how is it possible to do a good thing without deriving indirect advantages from it? It is a favorite motto of our life that a good thing will tell in more ways than it is possible for anybody to calculate. One or two suggestions have been received, that the money had better been devoted to benevolent objects. Such letters should be addressed to Mr. Fawsett, to whom we paid the money. He is a very benevolent gentleman, and we are pleased to have afforded him the means of doing good, and of making others as happy as he is himself. He resides at Baltimore, Md. The good judgment which he showed when he selected *Dexter* gives us confidence that he will act with equal wisdom in bestowing his charities.

We have earned the money which we paid for Dexter honestly; and Mr. Fawsett, by developing the finest horse in the world, has just as honestly earned the price of him; as honestly, as if he had done it by practicing law, raising potatoes, or preaching. If he chooses to give it away, we certainly will not object.

We like Dexter. We like his name. It means *Right*. We always did like things all right. He trots square; and we like to see things done on the square. He embodies the American idea, *Go ahead*, all in the hide of one little horse. Art is long and life is short, and a man must keep moving to get his work done. Time lost never returns; especially if it is lost on the road. It is only in fable that the tortoise wins.

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TIRED OF THE COUNTRY.

Young Featherbrain has just returned from a six-weeks' sojourn "beyond the bricks," heartily tired of the country. Everybody knows Featherbrain, or if not, it is of no consequence, for he is a typical person, the representative of a genus, and his congeners exist in every large city. He found the country "slow." He always finds it so. No theatre, no champagne suppers, no billiards, no place where "a fellow could 'see life' and enjoy himself." The mosquitoes annoyed him, and the frogs and whip-poor-wills and things made such a confounded racket that he couldn't sleep. He tried fishing, but the sun blistered his hands. He tried shooting, but it was too hard work and didn't agree with him. He *would* have tried flirting; but the moustache that was fatal at forty rods on Broadway did no execution in the rural districts. The country lasses guyed him. He has come back quite chopfallen. The starch—he had no stamina to speak of except starch—is all taken out of him, and it will require at least a month of city dissipation to recuperate him. Some people acquire vigor in the country. He wilted there, like a feeble exotic in an uncongenial clime.

Now, what was the matter with Featherbrain? Why did the country "bore" him? Simply because he was troubled with a complaint hereditary in his branch of the human family—want of mind. The works of God lay like an open book before him, but not knowing even the alphabet of Nature, he could not read them. If you should tell him that the meadow-lark builds her nest on the mountain crag, and that the owl rears her young among the grass tussocks, he would believe you, for he has no eyes except for the artificial and the meretricious. Botany is a pleasant study, but he does not know milkweed from wild fennel. Entomology interests some people, but to him all insects are merely "bugs." Astronomy elevates the soul, but to him the goodly firmament, "fretted with golden fire," is but a "congregation of vapors." Geology finds "sermons in stones," but he does not know the difference between hard-pan and primary rock. Country sports and exercises fatigue him. They are for *men*, but he is a *mannikin*. He doesn't know what in the world he went out of town for. Neither does the *Ledger*.

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MR. BONNER—*Dear Sir:* I am so glad you have got *Dexter*. I want you to have the tip-top of everything—fish, flesh, fowl and horse! I feel as proud of *Dexter* as you do. He is *our* horse. The *Ledger* horse. Yes, sir.
FANNY FERN.

HOW PROFESSOR MITCHEL BUILT HIS OBSERVATORY.

BY JAMES PARTON.

Visitors to Cincinnati are surprised to find in the enchanting environs of that busy city an astronomical observatory, provided with a costly telescope and all the requisite apparatus for observing the stars. A chemical laboratory or a school of engineers would not excite astonishment, for such establishments would accord with the industrial character of the place, and promote the acquisition of wealth. Nor are we surprised at the existence of libraries, a gallery of art and the beginnings of a museum, since these things can be enjoyed by a large number of the people. But an observatory, which so few can use, and the results of which so few can appreciate, is something which, we should suppose, Cincinnati would have been disposed to wait for a century or two longer. There it stands, however, on a lofty hill overlooking the city, and piercing the skies it is designed to explore.

This observatory resulted from the zeal, the tact and the indomitable perseverance of one man, the late Professor O. M. Mitchell, who died during the war a general in the service of the United States. The Cincinnati observatory is a monument to his memory; and there is nothing in the annals of the city so curious as the story of its erection. Probably there was not in the world another man who could have accomplished such a task in such a place, at such a time, and in the face of so many obstacles.

A poor Kentucky boy, born in 1810, he attracted notice by his intelligence and vivacity, and, obtaining an appointment to the Military Academy, reached West Point at the age of fifteen, with a knapsack upon his back and twenty-five cents in his pocket. Graduating with honor at the Academy, he served awhile in the army, from which, while still a young man, he retired, and in 1840 we find him professor of astronomy and mathematics in the Cincinnati College. During the operations about to be related, he performed all the duties of his professorship, working hard for five hours every day at the college, and expending as much vitality in that five hours' work as most men have to expend in all.

The first thing attempted was the purchase of a telescope, which was to cost nine thousand five hundred dollars; and the directors were resolved not to raise the building until the whole of this sum had been collected and sent on its way to Europe. To give eclat and publicity to the enterprise, however, the corner-stone of the edifice was laid in November, 1843, by John Quincy Adams, amid a great concourse of people, to whom he addressed an eloquent oration upon the charms and utilities of science. At that time, although the whole of the purchase money for the instrument had been subscribed, only three thousand dollars of it had been paid, the remainder being due in Germany in the following June. The western people are excellent subscribers when business is brisk; but a few months, or even a few weeks, at that day, often changed the prospects of business men; so that money freely subscribed was paid slowly and with extreme difficulty. A "low stage of water" in the rivers was sufficient of itself to bring business almost to a dead halt, since Cincinnati could neither get coal for her steam-engines nor iron for her foundries, nor goods for her customers. It so happened that this season was one of extreme depression, and the collector for the telescope reported that the subscribers could not pay, and that it was a mere waste of time to call upon them. Professor Mitchell, whose whole soul was in the enterprise, took the affair into his own hands, and went systematically into the business of collecting money.

Every day, after the duties of his professorship were performed, he began his rounds. Some of the subscribers could not pay, saw no prospect of being able to pay, and, in fact, repudiated the obligation to pay. Such were stricken off the books, and new subscribers were sought to make up the deficiency. Others could not pay then, and asked delay. The Professor would take out his book and enter the day, hour and minute when he would call again, and, though the time was in some instances four months distant, he never failed to appear at the appointed moment. In collecting some of the subscriptions, he called as many times as there were dollars to collect. Some men had no money, but could pay in merchandise, and this merchandise he had frequently to sell for other merchandise, and this again, until four or five barterings had occurred before the money was obtained. In the course of seventy days the sum of three thousand five hundred dollars was obtained and paid over to the treasurer, leaving three thousand dollars still to be raised for the instrument alone. Cincinnati appeared then to have been drained dry of money available for such a purpose, and almost any man but Professor Mitchel would have given up the affair.

The indefatigable Professor now changed his tactics. He drew up a list of rich men, who had already subscribed liberally, and placed opposite the name of each the sum of money which he meant to get from him. Eight men had the sum of two hundred dollars placed opposite their names; ten more were put down for one hundred dollars; twenty for fifty dollars. With this list in his hands, Professor Mitchel renewed his rounds, exhibiting it to each of the persons in turn. One of the two-hundred-dollar men refused absolutely to give anything, and another name was substituted. Another hesitated awhile, and then offered one hundred dollars; but, as his eye glanced down the catalogue once more, he said it was a pity to spoil so beautiful a scheme for so small a sum, and handed over the full amount. One or two of the fifty-dollar men were tardy in paying. With these exceptions, the programme drawn up by Professor Mitchel was carried out; and thus, by the tenth of May, 1844, one month before the money was due in Europe, the whole amount was in the treasury except one hundred and fifty dollars. When this report was presented to the directors, they adjourned a week to give time for completing the sum required. At the expiration of the week, the Professor was obliged to report that there was still a deficiency of twenty-five dollars; but in the course of that day this sum was obtained, and the purchase-money was dispatched just in time to catch the steamer.

But a telescope of that magnitude is of no use without an observatory upon which to mount it. The building of the observatory, which would cost about six thousand dollars, was the next difficulty which the Professor had to face, and he set about it without delay. The treasury contained not one dollar. Two or three thousand dollars had been subscribed toward the building, all payable in materials and labor; but cash there was none, and none seemed likely to be forthcoming. Nothing daunted, the Professor drew his plans, prepared his estimates, and endeavored to induce mechanics to contract for the erection of the edifice. No mechanic could be found willing to undertake the work, without some more substantial guarantee for payment than any which Professor Mitchel could furnish. No matter; the invincible man determined to be his own contractor, as well as architect.

In June, 1844, about the time the purchase-money for the instrument reached the other side of the Atlantic, he hired two masons and began the work. These two men could have built the observatory in about twenty years, and the edifice had to be completed in exactly one year, or the site was forfeit—the ground having been given on that condition. A beginning was made, however, though the Professor had no more money than would be needed for the wages of his two men for one week. A little more money came dribbling in, and, as soon as it seemed safe, another man was added, and another, and another. Such enthusiasm as his is contagious, and the pressing necessities of Saturday night added new force to his solicitations; and still the work went on; and still the number of workmen increased. It was vacation at the college, and the Professor was thus enabled for several weeks to devote his whole time to the business.

Several unexpected difficulties arose, in overcoming which he displayed consummate generalship. Enormous charges were made for delivering lime at the summit of a steep hill four or five miles from the city. He opened a lime kiln on the spot, which soon yielded an ample supply. Sand had to be drawn from a great distance and at great expense. He found on the side of his hill an old sand pit, long ago closed from the danger of undermining a house that stood above it, the owner of which refused point blank to let another load be taken. Professor Mitchel managed to convince him that a little more sand could be removed from the pit without danger to the domicile, and thus a supply of sand was obtained. Water, too, had to be drawn from the bottom of the hill, half a mile distant; but, one day, when it was raining, the Professor dammed up a ravine that ran from the top of the hill to the bottom, and in an hour or two he had a fine pond, close to the building, that never failed to afford a full supply of water. His teamsters, he thought, were cheating him, both by overcharging and under-working. He bought horses and carts, and in order to ascertain how many loads could be fairly drawn in a day, he filled and drove one of the carts himself, and thus fixed the amount of sand that should constitute a day's work.

When he was obliged to resume his duties at the college, he passed his time in the following manner:

At seven in the morning he was out among the workmen in the quarry, the lime-kiln, the sand-pit and the building, inspecting and directing till eight, when the college bell summoned him to his first class. At the college his duties detained him till one, when he went to dinner. From two o'clock until the close of the day he was in the city, visiting the workshops where work for the observatory was going on, or running about among the counting-rooms raising money for the payment of wages on Saturday night. One man would give him a little money. Another would give a hundred pork-barrels or lard-kegs, and these he would sell to the pork-merchants for cash. A carpenter would pay his subscription in doors or sashes; a painter would contribute his quota by painting them, and a glazier by putting in the glass, and, finally, another carpenter would discharge his subscription by hanging the doors and fitting in the windows. Every Monday the Professor obtained a list of all the articles that would be required during the week, and the sum of money that would be wanted on Saturday, and he gave himself no rest till these were secured. There were times when he had a hundred men at work—fifty at the building and fifty at the shops; but he rose to the occasion, and never failed to procure the supplies for the week, both in merchandize and money. Every Saturday night all the money was expended, but every Monday morning the work was renewed with increased vigor and equal faith.

In three months the roof was finished; in three more the observatory was in working order, without one dollar of debt upon it. Thus it was that Professor Mitchel built his observatory, aided by the liberality and confidence of the people of Cincinnati.

For sixteen years he continued to enjoy the use of it, and became, in consequence, one of the most learned and accomplished astronomers of the age, and the one who possessed the greatest ability in bringing the sublime truths of the science home to the comprehension of the general public. He was one of the early victims of the war. Stationed in an unhealthy district of the South, General Mitchell was attacked by disease and died before he had rendered his country the service which it was in him to perform.

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[From the Troy Daily Times.]

Boys.

A son of Scranton, the founder of Scranton, Pa., joined the ranks of the laborers in his father's foundries, that he might learn the practical part of the iron business. The son of a well-known and wealthy New York publisher used to leave his elegant home every morning, with his tin pail and in the garb of a laborer, and betake himself to a machine shop to labor as hard as the hardest, that he might learn the business. We also know of the son of an eminent college professor who is doing nearly the same thing.—*New York Gazette.*

The "son of a wealthy New York publisher," alluded to above, is Gilbert Jones, son of Geo. Jones, of the New York *Times*. He graduated from the New York Novelty Iron Works, after a regular and severe apprenticeship, with all the honors. And he is now in a manufacturing business in the city of Brooklyn, on his own account—a business for which his mechanical knowledge and experience admirably qualify him. And young Jones is not only a first-class machinist, but just as much of a "gentleman" as if he had graduated at college and had regularly rounded off seasons at Saratoga and Newport.

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From the Advance—(The new Religious Paper.)

Mr. Bonner has of late years made his paper a very mælstrom for literary whales. He secured Mr. Everett's assistance; had at one time, it is understood, an engagement with a President of the United States, and is at present employing Mr. Beecher and Mr. Greeley, throwing in twelve College Presidents, by the way. Mr. Everett, it is said, was greatly pleased to find what a wide and useful popularity he commanded through the *Ledger*. It was really his very first contact with the people, and he found himself mightily refreshed and strengthened by the exercise. The College Presidents will very likely feel something of the like surprise. Just consider; he who writes in the *Ledger* addresses an audience—and a very attentive one, too, of nearly two million readers. The reflex magnetism of that congregation will assuredly tell more powerfully on the College Presidents than they foresee. As for Mr. Greeley and Mr. Beecher, they are men of the people; they knew all about it.

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Offers Concerning our Horses.

MR. MOFFAT, the proprietor of the National Course, at Washington, D. C., has addressed us a letter in which he offers to pay us five thousand dollars if we will exhibit *Dexter* and the *Auburn Horse*, one day, at Washington. We have had many similar offers, and could undoubtedly make more than the price of the horses in one season by exhibiting them, if we saw fit to do so. But we are engaged in publishing the New York *Ledger*, and cannot afford to exhibit horses. We are, at the present time, putting up a new five-story fire-proof building, of marble and iron, for the *Ledger*, at a cost of over two hundred thousand dollars, and when that is finished we mean to exhibit both it and the horses *free*. The one can be seen by every body at the corner of Spruce and William streets, and the other on Harlem Lane, by any one who can keep up with them.

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—The London *Public Opinion*, a literary journal of high standing, commenting favorably on Saxe's love-poems in the "Masquerade," (all of which were written by Mr. Saxe expressly for the *Ledger*) says, "In the raciness of his humor, the public should not lose sight of the fact that, as a poet, Saxe is among the best."

THE BOYS.

BY ETHEL LYNN.

"The boys are coming home to-morrow!"
Thus our rural hostess said,
Whilst Lou and I shot flitting glances,
Full of vague, unspoken dread.

Had we hither come for quiet,
Hither fled the city's noise,
But to change it for the tumult
Of those horrid country boys?

Waking one with wild hallooing
Early every summer day;
Shooting robins, teasing kittens,
Frightening the wrens away.

Stumbling over trailing flounces,
Thumbing volumes, gold and blue;
Clamoring for sugared dainties,
Tracking earth the passage through.

These and other kindred trials
Fancied wo with woful sigh,
"Those boys, those horrid boys, to-morrow!"
Sadly whispered Lou and I.

* * * * * *

I wrote those lines one happy summer,
To-day I smile to read them o'er,
Remembering how full of terror
We watched all day the opening door.

They came—"the boys!"
Six feet in stature,
Graceful, easy, polished men;
I vowed to Lou, behind my knitting,
To trust no mother's words again.

For boyhood is a thing immortal
To every mother's heart and eye;
And sons are boys to her forever,
Change as they may to you and I.

To her no line comes sharply marking
Whither or when their childhood went,
Nor when the eye-glance upward turning
Levelled at last their downward bent.

Now by the window, still and sunny,
Warmed by the rich October glow,
The dear old lady waits and watches,
Just as she waited years ago.

For Lou and I are now her daughters,
We married "those two country boys;"
In spite of all our sad forebodings
About their awkward ways, and noise.

Lou springs up to meet a footfall,
I list no more for coming feet,
Mother and I are waiting longer
For steps on Beulah's golden street.

But when she blesses Lou's beloved,
And seals it with a tender kiss,
I know that loving words go upward,
Words to another world than this.

Alway she speaks in gentle fashion,
About "my boys"—she always will;
Though one is gray and one has vanished
Beyond the touch of time or ill.

ABNER GAULT;

OR,

THE HAND OF FATE.

By MARY KYLE DALLAS.

CHAPTER I.

WHAT THE SEA DID.

"Should you prefer a ride, or a sail, my love?"

These the landlady of "The Washington" always averred were the first words she heard the gentleman who came up to New Utrecht, L. I., on the ninth of June, 18—, speak to the lady who came with him, and she is equally positive that the lady replied:

"A sail, dear; I love the water so."

The lady was sitting at that moment in Mrs. Gault's own Boston rocking-chair, nursing her baby.

She was little more than a child herself, and as pretty as it was possible for mortal to be. On her left hand Mrs. Gault saw not only a wedding ring, but a keeper, with five tiny diamonds set in the form of a cross; and at her belt she wore a watch. From that Mrs. Gault argued that the young couple were not poor. But they had only brought with them a small portmanteau, containing, probably, changes of linen; and their travelling dresses were very plain. That, though, Mrs. Gault had noticed, was "quite the way with the first of quality;" so it did not alter her opinion; and the gentleman had said, plainly, "We shall need a pleasant room for a day or two;" so that they did not intend to stay long.

Mrs. Gault judged "that they were aristocratic people, though they came in such a plain way, and she had not even a bit of a hired girl along to mind the baby."

When the lady said "I love the water so," the gentleman smiled and asked the landlady where they could procure a boat.

There were two to hire, she said. One belonged to Daddy Grief in the white shanty yonder; the other was the widow Paul's. Her husband was drowned a year before; but the boys managed the boat as well as their father, poor man; and better, for they didn't drink. It was farther to the widow's, though.

"No matter," said the lady. "We'll hire it of her, dear. She may need the money, poor soul."

And then, with Bob the boy to show them the way, they went after the boat.

The gentleman carried the baby, and the little wife tripped at his side with her bonnet in her hand, and all her yellow curls blown about her face by the brisk sea breeze. They had had a bite of lunch and a glass of wine; and when Mrs. Gault had asked them if boiled mutton and turnips and a nice bread pudding would suit them for dinner, and when should it be ready? they had answered that the dinner would suit them, and that they should be back at five o'clock.

"We mustn't stay later on Harry's account," said the lady.

And Mrs. Gault had asked:

"Is that the baby's name?"

And she had said, with a laugh:

"When we don't call him King Hal. But he was christened *Henri*, not Henry, you understand."

"After his father?" said the landlady.

"No, after some one else."

They went on down the shady lane toward the widow Paul's cottage after that, and Mrs. Gault always regretted that she had not asked the child's sirname.

Both the Paul boys were at home, and Benny got out the boat.

It was a pretty little affair, and well kept; and surely water never glistened more brightly in the sun, nor sky shone bluer, nor grass grew greener than they glistened and shone and waved that day, as the husband and wife stepped into the little boat with their child.

Red-faced Ben wielded one pair of oars and his brown brother Hugh another. As they started, the mother came out to look after them. She also said that there never were two handsomer or more elegant-looking people in the "Paul's Delight;" and only for the baby she would have taken them for lovers, they were both so young.

She watched them quite out of sight, and went back into the house to get some fish ready for tea, and was so busy that she didn't notice how, in an hour or so, the beautiful blue sky had clouded over, and the breeze grown chill and piercing, and how, instead of bubbling and sparkling in the sun, the waves were boiling angrily, and turned to a dull leaden hue.

Neither did the good landlady of "The Washington" remark these changes until patter, patter, patter against the diamond bright panes of the tavern came a shower of rain drops, heavy and large as any born of the murky sky of a November day. The Long Island woman was accustomed to changeable weather; but never in all her experience could she recall so sudden a change as this.

"And them poor young critters and their baby on the water yet," she cried. "They'll catch their deaths."

Then looking at the clock she found that it was half-past four.

"They may be in," she said, "and waiting at widow Paul's. Take the light wagon, Jim, and drive over, and if they're not in, wait until they do come and fetch 'em up."

Jim, grumbling a little after the manner of most hired men about going out in such weather, obeyed.

The rain beat faster and the wind wailed louder as the minutes passed, and Mrs. Gault made sure that Jim would find her guests at the widow's.

"Ten minutes there,—five to wait and ten back," she calculated, and proceeded to hasten the progress of dinner that it might be ready when they arrived.

But the twenty-five minutes fled, and the rest of the hour followed, and the light wagon was not seen splashing over the wet road.

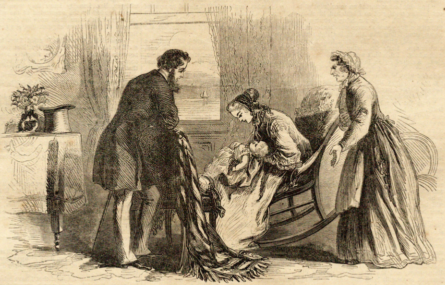
"They couldn't have been in," said Mrs. Gault; "and what weather to be out on the water with a child."

Then she sat at the window watching.

The rain fell and the wind moaned. The hollyhocks in the garden were all beaten down; a host of tender leaves were swept from the weeping willows; and the road was soaked and sodden. It was quite a tempest. Almost as sudden and furious a thing as one might have expected in the West Indies.

Upon her word of honor, Mrs. Gault would have given the thirty dollars out of the till behind the bar that instant to have seen the young couple coming back.

A dread of something terrible filled her mind.



MRS. GAULT AND HER UNKNOWN GUESTS.

She felt nervous and anxious. Even the thimblefull of wine and water, with nutmeg in it, which she took to quiet her spirits, did her no good. So she gave up at last, and sat trembling, wrapped in her great red shawl (for she was chilly), with her face close against the dripping panes, peering through the shadows. For the shadows were gathering thick and fast—trooping up from the sea like so many ghosts; and evening was at hand, and still the little wagon did not come. And the dinner was simmering before the fire; and the white cloth spread; and a high chair which had belonged to the landlady's children—all men and women now, and married or away—was drawn to the table for the baby. Everything waiting, cosy and comfortable and pleasant, to welcome the guests of "The Washington" home from the storm. Waiting so long, though, that when by and bye the landlady went out to light a lamp, the commonplace preparations filled her with awe, and she peeped back into the room much as one might into an apartment where some stranger's coffin was lying, and half expected to see some awful shape rise up before her as she looked.

It was nearly eight by that time, and still Jim never came, nor when nine struck, nor ten. At half-past ten the horse's hoofs plashed through the wet, and the wagon drew up before the door.

Mrs. Gault's heart gave a leap, and she rushed out.

"Who's there?" she cried.

"Me, Missus."

"You've got the lady and gentleman with you, Jim?"

"No, Missus."

"Oh, Jim! Haven't they got in yet?"

"No, Missus—nor never will; for they're both drownded, and so's Benny Paul."

At that Mrs. Gault dropped down on the floor of her inn in a swoon.

When she came to, the servants and guests of "The Washington" were about her, and amongst them a dingy little urchin, with a sea flavor about him, and sand glittering on his bare toes, as he ground them into the carpet. He was waiting for a chance to speak to her, and soon had it, for she saw that he was Hugh Paul.

"You want to tell me something, I suppose?" she said.

And he answered:

"Yes, Missus Gault. Mammy says what'll she do with the baby? They've found Benny." And then the 'tears began to fall and sobs to choke the voice. "And what time has she got to tend it?"

Mrs. Gault started up.

"Is the baby safe?" she screamed.

"Yes, Missus. I swam ashore with it. Ben tried to save the lady, but she struggled and both were drownded."

And he began to cry again.

"I'll send for the baby," said Mrs. Gault.

And Hugh slunk away, ashamed of his tears, and glad to be out of the way of the pitying faces and sympathizing voices of those who, after all, couldn't guess what it was to them to know that Benny was drowned.

He went back to the little dwelling where the dead youth's body lay, and where, as she rocked backward and forward, moaning and weeping, the fisherman's widow held the motherless babe upon her knee.

It was a frail little thing, fair as a snow-drop, and with every promise, if it lived at all, of being extremely light. Its eyes were blue; its hair flaxen, now; and already it was long limbed and slender rather than round as babies usually are.

"It looked," so Mrs. Gault said when she came over in her light wagon an hour after, "very like its mother."

"It will never see her, poor dear," said the fisherman's widow. "And I'm sure I'd be willing to tend it until it's claimed, only what can I do. My hands are full, and I'm not quite in my right mind with grief, I believe. I'm sort of dazed and dumb like, and can't think of anything but Benny and his father before him. Oh, what did they go on the water for and drown my Benny."

"It's fate, my dear," said the landlady, "and God's doing and not ours. That's all the comfort we can have. And I know by myself you can't take comfort from anything at first. As for the baby, that's my place, you know; for its friends will come to me when they hear of it. I shouldn't wonder if they stood pretty high in life."

The poor mother did not hear her. What did she care who stood high or low. She stretched out her arms with the baby in them.

"Take it," she said. "You don't know what queer feelings I've had. Holding it in my arms, it didn't know me from its mother, poor child; and once I wandered away back, and somehow thought 'twas Benny I was nursing while I waited for his father. Oh, it was awful to wake up out o' that and find it all a notion, and see poor Benny lying there dead before me. Take the child. I think it might help drive me mad if I was to mind it long."

Mrs. Gault took the baby, and said some neighborly things, which she meant, about "anything they wanted," and left a little money in Hugh's hand, and went home, crying all the way, partly for Benny, partly for the pretty young pair so suddenly hurried to their watery grave, and partly for the helpless baby who lay upon her motherly bosom, unconscious of the great and irreparable loss it had sustained. She scarcely knew what to do, or how to do it, as she said over and over again to herself, "the young people must have friends, probably relations, but how was she to find them?" The contents of the portmanteau, when over-looked, gave no clue to their names or residence, and Mrs. Gault was sadly in need of advice as to her duty. There were plenty to offer it, and those in whom she most relied said, advertise. Therefore, late in the afternoon next day, Mrs. Gault sat down to indite an advertisement, with that painstaking and troubled air peculiar to persons not accustomed to the pen.

About her sat her principal advisers—Betty, the "maid of the inn," who had lived there for twenty years; Sam, the boy; and Nannie, the little bound girl from the poorhouse, who held the baby on her knee, jouncing it at intervals, and occasionally shaking before its eyes the bunch of keys provided by Mrs. Gault, before the commencement of the important operation, for the purpose of keeping the child quiet.

Opposite Mrs. Gault sat the barber, a person of extreme erudition and a wonderful flow of language; to her right the tailor and his wife, the latter having brought her work along not to lose time. On the left Captain Jacks, a constant customer of "The Washington," of whom it was superstitiously believed that before he took to drink he had been a gentleman. It was a matter of pride to these individuals to have been admitted to Mrs. Gault's council, and they did not envy the outsiders who were gratifying their curiosity by going down to the widow's cottage to look at Benny and hear all about it from the lips of his little brother.

The landlady took up her pen and looked at it; dipped it into the ink, and withdrew it with a dead fly spread upon its point; dratted the fly and wiped the pen; dipped it again and made a blot on the paper; tore the piece off; commenced on the remaining portion; crossed the first word through, and took up a clean sheet; then, holding her pen aloft, looked despairingly about her.

"I am so flustrated that I dunno how to begin," said she, shaking her head. "A lone woman finds plenty of stumbling blocks in her way in this world of tears. To see Mr. Gault write off a letter would have done your heart good. But women can't be expected to be the same. How shall I commence?"

And she looked at Mr. Chumps, the barber.

"If *I* might advise, with a statement of the facts, ma'am," said Mr. Chumps.

"They came of a sudden, and the sweetest critters ever I see — poor dears!" spelt Mrs. Gault, writing; "and who'd have thought that that was their last day on earth?—Not me, I'm sure; and I got a leg of mutton and turnips ready and a plain bread-puddin', but, la', it got as cold as they air now a-waitin', and no one had the heart to eat a bite, and to see the poor motherless baby, that don't know what's come to it a-sucking a brass key—'Nannie, it will be pisoned'—and not thinking of its poor dear 'ma, nor yet of its poor dear 'pa; and won't never know, arter a week or so, but what the nursin'-bottle is all it ever had; and though I'm willing to keep it for good, I'm sure it's my duty to advertise for its grandparents or whoever has a right to it; and, if they'll call at 'The Washington,' they'll be suitably rewarded, and receive the thanks of Jane Ann Gault, widow of Hezekiah."

"Somehow, it don't sound right," said the landlady, looking over her composition,—"What do *you* think, Mr. Chumps?"

The barber cleared his throat.

"I think, ma'am," he said, "that, viewed from another pint, it is perfection; but viewed from the pint in question, it is injudicious; for, do you see, ma'am, they charges so much a line, and words count up."

"So they do, Mr. Champs," said the tailor's wife.

"Very true, ma'am," said the barber. "Besides this, ma'am, there is in literatoor two kinds o' writin'—one is what you might call funny writin'; and one of a legal natur'—facts, and nothin' else. This here production o' yourn classes with the latter; it would draw tears from any eyes, and is fit for tew be published in an annooal at Christmas. Better a deal than some that is. It air, so tew speak, a work of fiction, of an affective natur'. But, when you advertise, what is it that the printers expect, I ask? why, writin' o' a legal natur'; and, as a lady can't be expected tew be able tew do that kind o' writin' and it's the dooty o' the coarser sex tew dew it for her,—if you'll allow *me*, ma'am——"

"Only too thankful, I'm sure, sir!" said the landlady, handing Mr. Chumps the pen and a sheet of clean paper. "If I'd knowd 'twas legal, I'd never have attempted it. La, to see him flourish it off!"

It was a sight. Mr. Chumps was conscious of being an important personage, as he dashed off a few lines with light strokes, and dark strokes, and curly-tailed flourishes; and it was with pride that he read his composition aloud when the last full stop was appended.

"Drowned, off New Utrecht, L. I., on —————, a young married couple,—the gentleman, dark; the lady, fair; ages apparently about twenty-five and eighteen; they had with them a small portmanteau, containing a few garments. Any one desiring information of them, or of their surviving infant, will apply to Mrs. Jane Ann Gault, 'The Washington,' New Utrecht, L. I."

"It sounds like print," said the landlady, "but it's cold; seems as if nobody felt for 'em. S'pose you was to add:

'Dearest young married-couple thou hast left us,
And thy loss we deeply feel;
But the Lord He has bereft us,
He can all our sorrows heal!'

"It looked beautiful in the paper when Mis' Cappen Smolly died."

"Very charming, if 'twas an obituary, which is o' a poetical natur'," said Mr. Chumps, "and, in that case, I'd advise it. But it is not admissible in legal documents,—such as advertisements,—it is not, indeed."

"Besides, you've got to pay for the po'try," said the tailor's wife.

"Oh, a shilling or so, for the sake of feelings," said the landlady, "wouldn't be begrudged by me; but I want to do it correct, of course, and thank you, Mr. Chumps, and you'll see it sent, perhaps, and tell me what it costs; and I'll have the best bed-room put in order for the relatives, and I wouldn't ask nothin' if they stayed a week. And, if the poor dears come ashore, 'The Washington' is as ready for them as——"

And there the soft-hearted Mrs. Gault began to cry again; and the tailor's wife, who had been looking at the clock, suggested that she had better take a cup of tea to comfort her. Whereupon Mrs. Gault invited her council generally to share that beverage with her; and the party grew cheerfully melancholy over the improvised meal; and even the bound-girl had her plate and cup, on a chair in the corner; and finally broke up the lunch-party by choking the baby with a spoon-full of apple-sauce.

When the child was restored to its natural color,—it had been purple when snatched from Nannie's arms,—the guests departed, and Mrs. Gault was left to consult with her factotum, Betty, about the best chamber and the attentions to be offered to "the relatives," when they arrived.

CHAPTER II.

MRS. GAULT'S VISITOR.

But no relatives made their appearance. The advertisement figured in the New York papers for a fortnight without result; and only when the third week had begun did Betty rush into Mrs. Gault's own parlor with the information that a lady from New York wanted to see her. "A lady in black," said the woman, "and I'll bet a cookey it's a relative."

Mrs. Gault was, as she said, "all of a tremble in a minute."

"How shall I break it to them?" she asked, piteously.

"Why it *is* broke by the advertisement," said Betty. "You've only got to console 'em."

And Mrs. Gault changed her cap and bade Betty show the lady in.

"And see the best room is dusted and aired," she said; "and when I ring, it's for cake and wine."

Then Mrs. Gault assumed a genteel expression and attitude, and awaited her guest.

In a moment more the door opened and Betty ushered in a tall, slender woman, dressed in heavy widow's mourning, with her veil over her face. The grandmother, doubtless. Mrs. Gault found all her assumed gentility fail her and began to tremble again. She went forward with her two plump hands extended, and tears raining down her cheeks, Betty's words still in her mind—it was her duty to console the mourners; and she began:

"Of course we know it's hard to bear, and I've felt it myself, though a stranger; but the Lord gives, you know, and He takes away; and they're in a better place, it's to be hoped; and our earthly idols will be taken from us, though who could help loving them dear young critters, and I couldn't blame you if you was to tear your new crape to pieces and go off into hysterics—though we must submit, my dear, and it's all for our good. Oh dear, oh dear!"

With which variations of comfort offered to herself when Death had mowed down those dearest to her, she quite lost breath, and stood panting before the lady, who was putting back her veil.

"I don't quite know what you are talking of," said the lady; "I think you mistake me for some one else."

And under the crape Mrs. Gault saw the face of a very handsome young woman. She stared in amazement, and found breath to ask:

"Aren't you a relative?"

"Of whom?" asked the lady, composedly.

"Of them poor dears," said Mrs. Gault.

"The couple who were drowned?" said the lady.

"Yes," said Mrs. Gault.

The lady shook her head.

"I think you mentioned no names in the advertisement," she said, with a look of terror in her eyes.

"No, nothing was marked," said the landlady.

"But he spoke of his wife as Mrs.——so and so—or she of her husband as Mr. ——"

"No, ma'am," said the landlady, "we haven't a clue to any name."

The lady gave a relieved sigh.

"Oh dear, no, not a relative," she said, as though the question had just been asked; and it struck Mrs. Gault that her voice sounded false and that her eyes looked falser.

She was a beautiful woman, but Mrs. Gault began to take a dislike to her.

"I had a friend who went upon a journey with her husband and infant," she said, "and I felt nervous—that is all. I'm very foolish, I know. And the gentleman—you can tell me how he looked?"

"Tall and dark, with what you call a Roman nose, and dark eyes," said the landlady; "and his hair curled close, and he had a little scar on his temple, and wore a ring with broad flat stone in it on his little finger."

"Ah!" said the lady, turning white to the lips, "a *red* stone?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Gault.

"Not my friend's husband. Oh, dear me!" said the lady. "And his wife?"

"She was fair," said Mrs. Gault; "and her eyes were blue, and she had two dimples in her cheeks, and her dress was a sweet pretty gray, and she had a black cross breast-pin and ear-rings to match, and was so very pretty."

"Were the ear-rings hair?" asked the lady.

"Hair," said the landlady—"I thought at first they were jet."

"Not my friend, thank Heaven!" said the lady, with her face as pale as ashes.

"The baby looks like its mother," said Mrs. Gault. "Its eyes are blue. It will grow up fair. A blessing it will be to its grandparents, if they are alive. I love it dearly now."

"In case they never come for it—in case it has no relatives—what will you do with the child?" said the lady.

"Keep it, a dear," said Mrs. Gault. "I've neither chick nor child, and I'm not poor. I'll bring it up in the fear of the Lord, and leave it all I have."

"And it will be happy and never know anything about it all," said the lady. "It's kind of you. But the name? If you did not know the parents' names, what will you call the child?" and again that false look flitted over her face.

"The lady said it's name was Henry, spelt with an i," said Mrs. Gault. "I'll have that in the advertisement, now I think of it. But if it was mine, I'd like to call it Abner, after poor, dear Gault—a boy I had and lost was named Abner Gault, too. But would its poor, dear mother like it?"

"Why not?" said the lady. "You can have it christened over and call it Abner Gault, if you like; "and its mother will thank you for being kind to it. I have a child myself, and I know how mothers feel." And the lady's face was not false just then, but full of tenderness. "Be good to the child," she said, "and I'm sure it will be as happy here as at—as—as—anywhere else. Oh, dear, *no—not* my friends, and I am so glad, so delighted, so very, very much pleased that the baby has found a friend, and—no, thank you,"—for Mrs. Gault had made the offer—"please don't bring the baby. And I was so foolish to think they might be my friends, and trouble you about it. Thank you. Good-bye."

And she went out, dropping the folds of her crape veil over her face, and leaving Mrs. Gault to wonder why the lady should have looked as though she were lying when she must have been telling the truth. "For there was nothing to lie about, you know," said Mrs. Gault.

And this was all the advertisement brought to "The Washington," and in a month Mrs. Gault regularly adopted the child and had him christened *Abner Gault*. She had no idea that she was doing a charitable action. The good woman rather fancied she was selfishly happy in the child, of whom his young mother had been so fond, and kept saying to Betty and her other counsellors—"I'm sure I should be glad to see them brought to life again, and I'm sure I'd be willing to give baby to its real grandparents, and I hope I'm not heartless to take so much comfort in my pretty, precious Abner."

"It's kind of you to do it, ma'am," said Betty; but Mrs. Gault always answered:

"Kind only to myself. How can I help being fond of him? And it's a pleasure to do things for any one you like, you know."

And so the little waif settled down to be the pet and plaything of "The Washington."

CHAPTER III.

PETER PLUMB RECEIVES A CALL.

There lived on the east side of New York about this time a man who was employed in a way which, to most of us, must seem revolting.

He prepared the dead who were, so to speak, public property, for burial,—those who were cast up by the turbid waters at the wharves, and remained unclaimed; those who died in any way unknown and uncared for save by charity.

It was not an elevating employment, nor was the man one who could have undertaken any where refinement of manners or person were needed. He was utterly ignorant and uneducated, and by nature coarse and brutal. He could jest in the presence of Death in its saddest aspect, and was unmoved by that terrible stillness which impresses most human beings with such profound awe.

He lived quite alone in a dingy upper room, where, in his merry moods, and after what he called "a streak of luck," he entertained his boon companions with such liquors as New York groggeries could offer, and where, at other times, he solaced himself with the companionship of a great bull-dog, who resembled his master, as men's pets generally do.

He was not by any means a man to win general favor, and scarcely one on whom a delicate lady would be apt to call. Yet one evening, just as the lamps were lighted along the street, a lady opened the dingy door and made her way up the dirty stairs to the room occupied by Peter Plumb.

She was wrapped in a thick shawl and wore a common worsted hood, and a thick veil was over her face; but her movements betokened a woman of refinement, as did her voice when she inquired for

"Mr Plumb."

"My name, ma'am," said the man, holding the candle he held above his head, and looking at the slender figure in some surprise. “D'ye want me for anything?”

For all answer the lady passed in and seated herself upon a chair near the stove.

“Shut the door, please,” she said; and Peter Plumb shut it.

The woman did not attempt to raise her veil, and there was something not quite pleasant to Peter Plumb in the mystery of speaking to a woman who concealed her face; but in a moment masculine conceit came to his aid, and he began to fancy that perhaps this veiled female had fallen in love with him. He smirked, put his hideous head on one side, sat down and said, flippantly:

“Well, my dear, what now?”

The voice beneath the veil replied:

“Business.”

“Ah!” said Peter, sure that fascination had nothing to do with the visit, from the tone of the veiled woman's voice, and speaking shortly now:

“Well, then, ma'am, what's the business?”

The woman seemed to look at Peter Plumb under her veil, and he looked at her. Then she said, slowly:

“You are the man who—who prepares the bodies found about the wharves for burial. I don't know precisely what to call it; but that is what you are?”

“I'm one of 'em, anyway,” said the man.

“Are you fond of money?” asked the lady.

“Who isn't?” said the man. “Why, I'd be ownin' to bein' half-witted if I said I wasn't. Of course I am.”

The lady put her hand into her pocket and drew forth a little roll of bills.

“Count those,” said she to the man. “I give them to you in earnest of my promise. You can earn what you like.”

The man turned pale.

“How?” he asked—“how? Not *that* way?”

“What way?” said the woman.

Peter Plumb bent across the table.

“By murder,” he whispered. “I'll risk my neck for nothing.”

The veiled woman laughed, though at the same time she shuddered.

“Murder?” she said. “Oh no; nothing there is any harm in—nothing dangerous. You see these things?”

She dropped a gentleman's pin and ring upon the table as she spoke. The ring had an inscription upon it; the pin was a diamond.

“They are good ones,” said the man. “The stone looks real.”

“They are valuable,” said the lady. “Some day you shall have them as well as the money; but before that you must let some one wear them for a day.”

“Some one? Who?” he asked.

And she answered:

“*A dead man.*”

“A dead man?” cried he.

She looked anxiously toward the door and nodded “Yes.”

“I don't understand you,” said Peter Plumb.

“To-morrow,” said the woman, slowly, “you will see an advertisement for a missing man—a man named Albert Burleigh, twenty-eight years old; black hair and eyes; tall and finely formed; wearing that ring and pin, with this in his pocket.” And she spread a handkerchief upon the table with the name she had uttered marked upon it. “A man who took a boat for a sail upon the Hudson, and never came back—a gentleman, remember, in gentleman's clothes. Find such a man, and answer the advertisement, and obtain the reward.”

The man looked at her again.

“You mean?” he queried.

“I mean that there are numbers of drowned men found near the wharves, and that you can put those ornaments upon any one's finger, and bosom, that handkerchief in any one's pocket, and so obtain the reward.”

“Nothing worse than that?” said the man.

The woman answered:

“Nothing worse.”

“What is your object,” said the man, “if the person is alive?”

“He is dead—drowned already. I want him found,” said the lady. “I offer a reward; you will find him. What need you care? It is no risk.”

“Not much,” said the man. “But, look here, what is it worth to you?”

“A great deal,” said the lady.

“Then it is worth a thousand dollars,” said the man. “Ladies are never mean, I know. Say a thousand, and these bits of gold and diamonds, and I'll do it and keep quiet. Otherwise, why, you see, I won't do it, and I won't keep quiet either.”

“A thousand dollars,” said the lady. “And if that reward is offered you'll be faithful—you'll be trustworthy?”

“I told you I liked money,” said the man, “and I can't well get into a scrape. If I do find the gentleman and get the reward, I'll do what I have always thought of in the public-house way. Where shall I come?”

“You'll see it in the —— to-morrow,” said the lady; “and if you find the person described, you will call at the address given. It is all open and above board, and there is no risk for any one, and I shall add the trinkets to the reward.”

Then, leaving them glittering upon the table, the money beside them, she slipped out of the room and left Peter Plumb in a state of utter bewilderment, staring at the fire.

“It's a queer dodge,” he muttered, “and I don't know what to make of it. But there's not much risk for me, and I'll try it. I've taken rings off of dead men's fingers before, but I've never put one on. There's money mixed up with it somehow or—— Well, well, I'd better not know, for this is likely to be the best streak of luck I've ever had.”

And thus saying, Peter Plumb lit his pipe, mixed a glass of liquor for himself, and bent over the fire, trying to find in its embers a solution of the enigma, and finding none either there or elsewhere.

CHAPTER IV.

A MISSING MAN.

The next day the readers of the Morning ——— saw in its columns this advertisement, printed in a manner calculated to attract observation, and headed with the, in itself, attractive words:

A THOUSAND DOLLARS REWARD.—A MISSING MAN.

The above reward is offered to any person, or persons, who will give information of Mr. Albert Burleigh, who left the residence of his sister-in-law with the avowed intention of taking a boat upon the Hudson. He is tall, dark, and has black eyes; wore a diamond pin and an onyx ring; and had about his person a handkerchief marked with his name in full. As he is a stranger in the city, fears are entertained for his safety. And those knowing of his whereabouts will confer a favor on his anxious sister-in-law, Mrs. Eugene Burleigh, by immediately communicating with her at No. — —— street.

Some read this carelessly. Some with a sigh and a, “ah, New York is a bad place for strangers.” Some said, laughingly, “ah, I wish I knew where the man had hid himself. I'd pocket the thousand dollars.” And others piously thanked heaven that they were sitting at their breakfast tables that morning instead of being at the bottom of the river or packed in pieces in a box.

Young Mrs. Kestrel, wife of the rising lawyer, Coke Kestrel, picked up the paper as she waited for her husband's appearance at the table, and read it through. First she skimmed over the dry goods advertisements; then looked at the deaths and marriages; then at the places of amusement, the tempting programmes of which enriched the columns; then, folding the sheet, her eyes fell upon the Reward, and she read the paragraph.

She had just finished when her husband came in in his dressing-gown and slippers—trimmer than most men in such attire—and playfully pulled her brown curls as they lay tossed over the velvet of the easy-chair.

But Mrs. Kestrel did not laugh. She looked up at him in a startled way.

“Eugene Burleigh is missing,” she said.

“What do you mean, my dear?” asked the lawyer.

By way of answer his wife put the paper into his hand, pointing to the paragraph alluded to. Mr. Kestrel read it.

“Probably he has started on some jaunt without leaving word, and so frightened his sister-in-law,” he said. “As for being a stranger in this city, a five years' absence will hardly make a gay young fellow like Albert Burleigh *that*, I fancy. I only knew of his return from Europe a week ago. I saw him driving down Broadway with a lady. I shouldn't wonder if he was married. A cup of coffee, Dolly.”

“Dear me, how forgetful of me,” said the lawyer's wife, blushing, as she filled the china cup with fragrant Mocha. “But I *do* hope he has *not* married, my dear.”

“Why should you care?” said Mr. Kestrel.

“Only for dear Mrs. Burleigh's sake,” said Dolly. “I hope, I'm sure, Mr. Albert is alive and well; but, if not, I do not wish a stranger to cut poor Agnes out of the inheritance. You've often told me if Albert should die unmarried it would come to her and little Eugene.”

“Yes, yes,” said Mr. Kestrel. “But, my dear, don't kill Albert so readily. He probably is alive——”

“Oh, I'm sure I hope so,” said Mrs. Kestrel. “But still, if anything has happened, I can't help saying I hope and trust that she who has such hard struggles to make both ends meet, and whose husband, I'm sure, did not deserve to be treated as he was by the old gentleman, will have the property. I've seen her cry so over her little income, generally quite spent every quarter before it is drawn; and many a time I've tried to comfort her, my dear, when she has called for you and you were out. It would be so nice if she were rich; though, of course, I hope poor Mr. Burleigh is alive. All I mean is, I trust he has not brought a wife home with him.”

Just then there came a tap at the door of the dining-room, and the little black servant girl thrust in her woolly head and one black hand which clutched fast a letter.

“Been sweepin' your office, massa,” she said, “and I found this under the carpet. Mus' have drop off the desk and got in dar somehow.”

Mr. Kestrel took the letter.

“Dated a week ago,” he said. “I hope it is of no importance.”

Then, as he cut the envelope carefully and drew forth the letter, he cried:

“From Albert Burleigh, I declare.”

And Mrs. Kestrel ran to look over his shoulder as he read:

“DEAR KESTREL:—(so the missive ran)—Here I am, after a five years' absence, back in New York again, as you already know. The old place looks narural to me. A New Yorker always loves his native city, I believe, and I intend to settle down into a quiet citizen after all my roving. I shall be at your office at eleven o'clock the day after to-morrow—to-morrow I shall take a little excursion up the river somewhere—to talk to you about making my will. I'm a married man now, as you may perhaps guess; and I must make it all right for my wife and her little boy in case I should die suddenly. Of course I sha'n't leave Eugene's boy quite out of the question, and I shall consult you about that matter and several others. The buying back of the old Burleigh mansion for one thing. My respects to Mrs. Kestrel. You were in your honeymoon when I left New York, you know. Expect me at eleven on Thursday.

“Yours to command, A. BURLEIGH.”

“A week ago, Dolly. Thursday was a week ago,” said Mr. Kestrel. “My dear, Albert Burleigh is a wild young fellow, but I never knew him to fail in keeping an appointment. I believe something serious has really happened.”

“And he *has* a wife, and poor Mrs. Burleigh will have nothing,” said Dolly. “You know I never saw Mr. Albert Burleigh but once, and *then* did not like him, and I know Mrs. Eugene Burleigh so well, and like her.”

“I do not,” said Mr. Kestrel. “Poor Albert! I must make inquiries at once. I shall go to Mrs. Burleigh's this morning. Albert may have had money about him, and New York, at night especially, is a dangerous place for any man who is known to have fifty dollars in his pocket.”

And Mr. Kestrel donned overcoat and hat, kissed his wife, and made his way with alacrity to the dwelling where Mrs. Burleigh resided. It was a plain frame house, in a very genteel locality, and very neatly furnished. At his ring, Mrs. Burleigh herself came to the door, holding her boy by the hand—a pretty, roguish fellow, of two years old, with golden curls dropping over his temples, and long, fair, curling lashes, under which shone eyes of the brightest blue.

“Mr. Kestrel,” cried the lady, “ah, how kind of you to come! Have you seen poor Albert? I'm so anxious about him. He returned to New York eight days ago, and I invited him to stay—my own brother-in-law, you know,—and his things are all up stairs; and he went out one morning for a sail, and I haven't seen him since. I'm sure he's drowned—oh, poor, dear brother Albert!”

And the lady put her kerchief to her eyes; and Mr. Kestrel thought, as had the landlady of “The Washington,” that the lady's voice was false and her face falser.

“Your brother-in-law is of a roving disposition, Mrs. Burleigh,” he said. “He may not have met with any accident. He may be enjoying himself somewhere. But I confess that his having made an appointment with me——”

“An appointment with *you*—when did you see him?” cried Mrs. Burleigh.

“He wrote to me,” said Mr. Kestrel, briefly.

And the lady looked at him in an eager, startled way.

“About law business?” she asked at length.

“Relative to that,” replied Mr. Kestrel.

He waited to hear Mrs. Burleigh mention her sister-in-law; but she did not.

They had entered the parlor, and he sat in an arm-chair by the window, which she had motioned him to take. She, upon a sofa, with her boy's curly head upon her lap, and his fingers playing with her long, light curls.

“Is Mrs. Burleigh anxious?” asked Mr. Kestrel.

“Mrs. Burleigh?” said the lady. “Do you mean me?”

“I mean his wife; he told me he had a wife and child,” said Mr. Kestrel.

“He told you *that?*” said Mrs. Burleigh, with a frightened look.

Then, in a moment, that false look o'erspread her face, and that false tone came into her voice.

“Of course, I thought I mentioned it,” she said. “They were with him when he went to take the boat.”

“You do not mention them in the advertisement,” said Mr. Kestrel.

“It did not occur to me,” said the lady. “I believe, in the distraction of the moment, I forgot that Albert was married at all.”

She bent over her little Eugene as she spoke, and kissed him on the forehead.

“He wanted to take Eugene with him,” she said—nothing false in her voice now, but earnestly and tremulously affected. “He said the water was so good for children. And oh, thank God, I did not let my baby go! He might have been lying cold and dead upon the sand to-day, instead of warm and beautiful upon my lap—my little Eugene, my precious Eugene! his father's very image.”

“You seem very sure that Mr. Albert Burleigh is drowned,” said Mr. Kestrel.

“He went upon the water in a boat. At least he *said* they should. What else can I think? I am as sure of it as though I had seen those who saw the boat go down.”

And again her face looked earnestly truthful, as she repeated:

“I think I know it, Mrs. Kestrel.”

Just then the bell rung; the lady started.

“Oh, what should I do if it should be news of Albert?” “It is so terrible for me even to think of it. Excuse me, I have no help just now, and must open the door myself,” and she left the room.

The next moment she returned, followed by a man who seated himself without invitation, and, taking off his hat, held it between his knees, and looked alternately at the gentleman and lady.

“My name is Plumb,” he said at last. “I see your advertisement this morning. I think I've found the party, leastwise it's like what you describe. He came ashore this morning, at nine. My business takes me to the wharves, and I was there, 'tending to another case, when he was washed up. The features is pretty well beat out by it's been washed agin things, but there's jewelry on him and a handkercher marked; and he's a-waitin' for the coroner, and I'm the man that found him.”

A straightforward story enough, yet the man looked as if he was lying, and uttered it like something learnt by heart. Mr. Kestrel looked at him suspiciously.

“You must have read your paper early,” he said.

“I *did*,” said the man; “I read it while I eat my breakfast, and before I went to tend to the party as came up last night. Me and tipsy Jemmy was together, and I says, ‘There's another of 'em,’ and fetched it out. Plenty saw me. The butcher's boy and Mike the car-driver, and lots of others, and plenty knows me and my trade. If it's him, I've earnt the reward on the square. Nobody helped me.”

Mrs. Burleigh had sunk down upon her knees beside the sofa and covered her face with her hands. Mr. Kestrel spoke, in a trembling voice:

“Are any other bodies washed ashore? A lady and an infant—his wife and child—are supposed to have been with Mr. Burleigh.”

“I didn't see any,” said the man, looking up defiantly. “There wasn't no mention made of no lady or baby. I can't be cheated out of it that way, you know. The lady—I mean the advertisement—didn't speak of the two others, only of *him*.”

“Oh, hush!” cried Mrs. Burleigh. “Oh, my good man, hush! If it *is* my poor dear brother-in-law, you shall have the reward. *I* offered it, you know, and if we find the others, we shall reward any one who helps us, of course. This gentleman is a lawyer. He hears me tell you so. And now, just for the present, don't say any more. Mr. Kestrel will call a carriage, I know, and will go with me on this dreadful errand.” And the lady retired, sobbing, to don her widow's bonnet and veil, and to confide Eugene to a neighbor's care during her absence.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

A DAY IN THE COUNTRY.

BY FANNIE CROSBY.

Oh! sweet relief from toil and busy care,
In these cool shades to breathe the fragrant air;
From crowded streets to wander far away,
And linger here if only for a day.

These rural wilds, how beautiful they seem,
And bind my spirit like a pleasing dream;
I watch the sunlight where the fountains play,
My heart is glad if only for a day.

The waving meadows and the grazing herds,
The hum of bees and music of the birds,
Bring back the years that time has borne away;
I live them o'er, if only for a day.

Reclining here beneath this calm retreat,
With dewy blossoms smiling at my feet,
The gentle voice of nature seems to say,
Be happy now, if only for a day.

Oh, hallowed thought! there is a garden fair,
Beyond the sky; no gloom can enter there;
And when this transient life shall pass away,
I'll spend in heaven one long, eternal day.

THE EVIL GENIUS.

By ELIZA A. DUPUY,

AUTHOR OF “THE WHITE TERROR,” “WARNING VOICE,” “THE FATAL ERROR,” ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER L.

The presence of Denham in the carriage acted as a restraint on Inez, and she repressed her restless anxiety to learn something of Fenton till she found herself alone with Mrs. Langley in the comfortable room she had prepared for the reception of her guest.

Wine and other refreshments were brought in, but Inez refused them, and after laying aside her bonnet she turned to her hostess and said:

“Now you will tell me what you promised I should learn when we reached your house. Why could not Godfrey meet me himself, and how was it that he sent you to do so?”

“My dear Miss Lopez,” was the reluctant reply, “are you not aware that you have done an unusual thing in coming here almost alone? Mr. Fenton asked me to receive you as my guest, to save you from the invidious comments of others. Of course I was only too glad to welcome you beneath my roof, and—and I hastened in town to meet you.”

Inez colored and naively asked:

“Why should it be wrong for me to come to my destined husband, Mrs. Langley? My father wished me to do so, and I thought he knew what was right for me to do. I hope that Godfrey will not think less of me for showing that I have such implicit faith in his honor. Surely he will be here very soon. If he is not ill, he will fly to my side and hasten to assure me that I have lost nothing in his estimation by the step you seem to consider so imprudent.”

In a tone of deep compassion Mrs. Langley exclaimed:

“Oh, Inez, Inez! what shall I say to break the severity of the blow that must fall on you? Have you no suspicion of the truth? Is your faith in Godfrey so perfect that even his failure to meet you gives you no hint of what is impending?”

Inez sunk down upon a seat as suddenly as if she had been shot, and with terrified eyes faintly gasped:

“What dreadful thing have you to say to me? Do not *dare* to hint that Godfrey is faithless, or I will leave your house at once. No one shall, with impunity, cast a shadow on his stainless honor. I believe in it, as I do in the steadfastness of my own soul—as I do in the promises of mercy through our crucified Redeemer.”

Mrs. Langley was not offended by her threat; the pity she felt for the unfortunate girl who had made shipwreck of her happiness by setting every earthly hope on so faithless a man as Godfrey Fenton neutralized every other feeling.

She sat down by Inez, took her cold hand in her own, and tremulously said:

“Look on me as your sister, Inez. Let me comfort and sustain you in the trial that awaits you, for I now begin to understand what a fearful one it will be to you. Oh, my dear child! can you not divine what I have to say to you? Has no suspicion of the painful truth yet dawned on your trusting heart? Inez, I would sooner have chosen to put my hand in the flame of that blazing fire than tell you this thing; but it has been left to me, and I *must* do it as tenderly as I can.”

“What thing?” vaguely asked Inez, pressing her hand upon her brow. “I begin to see dimly. Something dreadful has happened. Godfrey is dead! I feared it before—I know it now.”

“Yes, Inez—dead *to you*, but well enough in other respects.”

Though the words were spoken almost in a whisper, Mrs. Langley knew they were fully comprehended by the expression of the wild, dark eyes which were fixed upon her face with a stare of incredulous anguish that she never forgot.

“Impossible! impossible!” cried Inez, in a shrill under-tone. “After all that has passed between us, he cannot have forgotten me so soon—have ceased to love me. Do you believe that such a thing could be, Mrs. Langley?”

With a desperate attempt to make her fully comprehend her position toward Fenton, Mrs. Langley said:

“If he has not, he has proved faithless, Inez. Godfrey is on the eve of marriage with the young girl his mother selected for his wife when they were children. Had he known the change in your circumstances a few weeks earlier, he might have more firmly resisted her wishes; but Mrs. Markland carried everything before her, as she always does, and poor Godfrey yielded to her influence. I would to God that it had not been so, but now it is too late for him to recede.”

Inez shivered and covered her face with her hands. She faintly murmured:

“Yes—his mother—his mother has done it all. I should have known that when he came hither she would work me wo. I have always known that she was bitterly opposed to our union, but I would not believe that Godfrey could give me up at her bidding. Well—it is over now, and I bear it better than you hoped, Mrs. Langley. I will be brave and true to myself, and he shall never know what a bitter blow his treachery has been to me.”

“That is the right spirit, Inez. You will soon be able to rejoice that you have escaped marrying a man so fickle of purpose as Godfrey Fenton.”

“No—no—never thankful that I have missed the pearl of my life—you cannot expect that of me. Had not that cruel woman come between us, we should have been as happy together as the angels in Heaven are; but his mother willed it otherwise, and Godfrey has given up his heart's desire at her command. Obedience to parents is enjoined on children by the sacred Scriptures, and he—he was right perhaps to do as his mother wished; but oh! Mrs. Langley, I am inexpressibly desolate! Godfrey was all I had—*all*—and she has taken him from me.”

“My poor Inez, I am afraid that he was willing to be taken. He has devoted himself to Opal since his return home; if he had not wooed her in every way, she would never have given her consent to marry him. I am almost sure that she was induced to accept him because she believed him to be entirely devoted to her.”

The eyes of Inez flashed, but their fire was suddenly quenched by a burst of tears. After yielding to her emotion a few moments, she dried her eyes and with simple dignity spoke:

“I am quite calm now, Mrs. Langley, and I will give you no more trouble than I can help. It must have been a great annoyance to you to have such a task as this put on you, and I thank you for the kindness of heart that prompted you to undertake it. I shall make my arrangements to leave for New Orleans as soon as possible. I shall find there the friend under whose protection I travelled hither, and he will give me his advice and assistance in the career I have only been withheld from embracing by the imaginary tie that bound me to Mr. Fenton. While there is work to be done in the world, no one should die of a broken heart. Mine is sorely crushed, but in time it will recover from this blow; if it does not regain all its old elasticity, at least enough strength will be left to battle with evil, and seek to do good to others. In this hour I dedicate my life to the claims of the needy and helpless, and with the means at my command God will allow me to find something to do, to save me from the black night of despair that threatens to enfold me.”

Mrs. Langley took her in her arms and tenderly said:

“How few girls of your age, and with your prospects, would have thought of such a refuge as that. It is worthy of your noble nature, Inez, and in your new path you will find peace and consolation, I am sure.”

Inez shook her head drearily, and the arm that clasped her felt her slender form shiver as a reed in the wind. She extricated herself from her friend's embrace and moved restlessly toward the window. The shadows of evening had not yet begun to fall, and she hurriedly said:

“There is yet time for me to return to Natchez before night. I cannot stay here so near *him*, yet so far from him. I will go back at once, if you please, Mrs. Langley, and I know that your goodness will excuse my abrupt departure.”

“Dear Inez, this must not be. You must remain with me a few days at least, for I have told others that I was expecting you as my guest; and—and—will it not be better to keep the cause of your coming from the gossipping outside world? When you are stronger and calmer you can go on your way, and, if you wish it, I will accompany you to New Orleans myself. I could not bear to send you away alone.”

Inez was deeply touched by this kindness, and after a pause she replied:

“That will be better, perhaps. I—I do not wish to do anything that can bring blame on *him*. Though he has so cruelly dealt with me in leaving me to the last to believe that he was as true to me as I have been to him, I would not compromise him in any way by my unfortunate arrival here. When he is to be——”

Her lips trembled, and the word that was so painful to her died away upon them. Mrs. Langley hastened to reply to the implied question:

“The marriage is very near now—so near that—that——”

She broke down in her turn, and Inez quietly said:

“I comprehend you. A few more hours, and I shall have no right to think of him, save as the husband of another. Is it not so?”

Mrs. Langley kissed her pale cheek, and whispered:

“Yes—to-night at eight o'clock he gives his hand to Opal Hastings. Poor child! I only wish that I could save her from him. Godfrey is not worthy of her, nor of you.”

Inez faintly said:

“Pray leave me alone now for a time. I am very weak and I must seek strength where alone it may be found, in prayer and communion with my own heart. Do not permit any one to come to me for an hour at least, and—and—tell Mrs. Perkins what is going to happen so soon. I cannot speak of this again to any one.”

Filled with compassion for her, and even more indignant with Fenton than before, Mrs. Langley left the room, softly closing the door behind her. She met Mrs. Perkins on her way to her young lady, and, drawing her into her own apartment, briefly told her why Inez wished to be left alone for a season.

The dismay of the nurse—her angry exclamations were far stronger than any thing Inez had spoken, and she sat down quite overwhelmed by her feelings.

Mrs. Langley left her to seek her brother, after telling her that she would send a servant to conduct her to the room that had been prepared for her.

She found Denham on the piazza, walking restlessly to and fro, with a lowering frown upon his brow. As soon as he saw his sister approaching, he stopped, and quickly asked:

“Have you told her, Anna? Does she know that to-night Fenton will give his false hand to her rival?”

“Yes, she knows all, and bears it like an angel, or the next thing to it—a strong-hearted, unselfish, noble woman! Oh, Guy, if she had become the wife of Godfrey, she would have lifted him from the slough of selfishness into which he has fallen; but Opal is different—she needs some one to guide and sustain her, and he is unfit for the task. If it be true that ‘we make our own path, and throw our own shadow upon it,’ dark and gloomy will be that of Godfrey Fenton; and that he will make Opal tread it with him, is my deepest regret.”

“Don't speak of it, *don't*—I cannot bear it! There are moments in which I feel as if I have the right to prevent such a sacrifice, even at the risk of life itself. If I thought my darling loved him, it would be easier to give her up to him; but she has been hurried on by others till every avenue of escape was closed, and with her child-heart uncertain as to what it needs, she has accepted the destiny prepared for her. Oh, it is bitter! bitter to know this, yet feel how helpless I am to rescue her from the unhappy fate she is embracing.”

Tears fell from the eyes of the strong man, and he leaned helplessly against a pillar, wrestling with the emotions that overcame him.

Mrs. Langley placed her arm tenderly around his neck, and gently said:

“Prove yourself as equal to bear your burden as that hapless girl in yonder. It is harder on her, for she has no ambition to turn to for consolation—no busy life to enter on to wear away the keen edge of her suffering. Yet I am wrong in saying that, for she has already turned her thoughts toward finding consolation in benefiting others. She is a Catholic, and she will become a Sister of Charity—in time, perhaps, a nun. I am glad that avenue is open to her; and, with her large fortune, she can do much good in the new life she contemplates.”

Denham sighed heavily, and sadly said:

“It is the best thing she can do. I think I understand such natures as hers; she will find no other one to fill the place in her heart that has been held by that unprincipled ingrate. Unworthy as he is, Godfrey Fenton has been everything to Inez Lopez, as Opal has been to me the pearl of price I desired to win. That man has blighted two lives, and it is my conviction that he will blight a third one if he is permitted to live to do so.”

“Guy, dear Guy, do not talk in that way! It fills me with unspeakable dread to hear you. If you should raise your hand against him, remember that you will open a gulf between yourself and Opal that would never be closed again.”

Denham muttered something she could not understand, and, starting away from her, recommenced his agitated walk. His sister followed him, and imploringly cried:

“Stay with me to-night, Guy. Do not go to Silvermere to see the sacrifice completed. Something dreadful may happen if you do. Oh, my dearest brother, speak to me and take from my heart the weight that is pressing on it. Say that you will not leave the house to-night.”

Denham stopped suddenly and turned his agitated face toward her. He almost roughly said:

“I will give no such promise as that, but I shall not attend the wedding. Do you suppose that I *could* see Opal pledge her vows to any other man? You understand me very little if you think me capable of that. God help me! I have lost her, but I could not look on while she seals her own wretchedness by giving her hand to one so unworthy of her as Godfrey Fenton.”

A little re-assured, Mrs. Langley left him, saying:

“Neither shall I attend. I will go in now, and write an excuse for both of us to Mrs. Hastings.”

“Do so,” was the brief reply.

And Denham continued to pace the length of the piazza, till the shadows of evening gathered over the landscape.

A servant came to tell him that supper was served, but he refused to go into it, though he drank the cup of coffee his sister sent out to him. A few moments afterward he went toward the stable, ordered his horse to be saddled, and, mounting him, rode away in the gathering darkness.

CHAPTER LI.

In the meantime, all was bright and festive in the halls of Silvermere.

Though the company was not to be large, as extensive preparations as were possible in the limited time had been made, and a magnificent supper was prepared. A band of music sent its gay strains abroad upon the night, and lights flashed through the illuminated shrubbery, and blazed through every door and window of the stately mansion.

Opal, in a whirl of feeling that seemed to her to verge on insanity, was in her room with Dora, who was her only bridesmaid. Her toilette was completed, and she stood before the mirror arrayed in costly lace and satin, with the gems for which she was named gleaming on her neck and arms, and all the color about her was found in the fiery coruscations of her jewels as she moved listlessly to a seat.

A snow-bride could scarcely have looked whiter or calmer than she did now. Doubt, fear, and irresolution seemed to have died out beneath the certainty that there was no escape from the fate she had accepted. The lot in life was fixed; she would do the best she could with it and never suffer Fenton to know that the love she believed he felt for herself was not returned with her whole heart. So she calmly awaited the moment which would irrevocably give her to him.

Dora looked anxiously at her, and said:

“How pale you are, Opal! Are you frightened? I know I should be if I were going to be married.”

“No, I do not think I am frightened, Dora. Why should I be afraid of Godfrey? We have known each other from childhood, and I am sure he will always be kind to me. Mamma says that confidence in each other is the basis of happiness between married people; and, if that is so, I have little cause to dread the future. I have faith in Godfrey's nobleness and he trusts me.”

“You may well have faith in him, Opal, for he is the dearest fellow in the world. See what a beautiful watch and chain he has given me to wear to-night. I have been teasing mamma to give me one for the last two years, but she said I would be sure to break it directly if I had one. Godfrey only heard me say once that I wanted one, and he brought me this to-day. Isn't it a beauty?”

And Dora displayed a small enamelled watch, with a spray of brilliants set in the case.

Opal glanced at it, and dreamily said:

“It is very pretty, and I am glad that Godfrey was so thoughtful.”

But she became paler than before as she saw that the hands pointed to ten minutes to eight;

and, with a pang, she thought that only those fleeting seconds lay between herself and the sacrifice she was about to complete.

Her brain seemed reeling, but she recovered herself with an effort when she heard steps approaching her room. Opal knew who was coming, and she called up a smile to welcome the bridegroom, at whose approach she felt as if every drop of blood in her veins was turning to ice.

Fenton, looking magnificently handsome, and radiant with triumph, came in, preceded by his mother and Mrs. Hastings. He went up to his bride, took her hand in his, and tenderly said:

"It is time for us to go down, Opal. Do not tremble so, my frightened dove. The ordeal will soon be over; and getting married isn't such a frightful thing after all. I have conquered all my tremors, and you will smile at yours presently."

Mrs. Markland kissed her, and her mother anxiously regarded her as she said:

"You are too pale, Opal. Let me put the faintest tinge of rouge upon your cheeks; it will be wonderfully becoming."

Opal mutely shook her head; but Fenton looked at her and said:

"You will not be whiter when you are dead, Opal. Let your mother do as she wishes, or people may say that you go the altar as a sacrifice. I know better, of course; but we need give no food to the gossips that can be helped."

"As you please, Godfrey," came from her lips with an effort; and Mrs. Hastings dextrously applied a small piece of pink wool she took from her pocket to the pallid cheeks, imparting a pale rose tint which took from her face its look of white lifelessness.

Opal took the offered arm of Fenton, listened mechanically to the tender words he whispered in her ear, and moved toward the door, near which his groomsman, Edward Wallis, was awaiting their appearance.

The bridal party paused a few moments in the upper hall to allow the two elder ladies to descend before them, and then wound down the wide staircase, preceded by Jenny and another little girl, bearing wax candles in their hands.

Not more than fifty persons had assembled to witness the marriage, who were mostly connexions of the two families. The large drawing-room still had sufficient space left to permit the handsome couple to be seen to the best advantage.

The Episcopal clergyman from Natchez, in his gown and bands, stood ready to receive them, and long as the ceremony was, it seemed to Opal that scarcely a moment of time had elapsed before she heard herself pronounced the wife of Godfrey Fenton. She had mechanically made the responses, though at the moment she had scarcely more comprehension of the words she uttered than if they had been spoken in Hebrew.

When it was over, her father took her in his arms, kissed and blessed her, and then resigned her to the congratulations of those who were eagerly pressing around her.

During the next half hour there was a perfect Babel of tongues, and Opal recovered her self-possession sufficiently to return smiles and gracious replies to those who offered good wishes for her future happiness and prosperity.

Among the assembled company were many young people, and when the band struck up a gay dancing tune, sets for cotillions were formed in the wide hall. Fenton led his bride to the head of one of these, with Dora and Wallis for their *vis-à-vis.*

Waltzing followed; and at eleven the supper room was thrown open, revealing an exquisitely adorned table, loaded with every delicacy that could tempt the appetite.

The guests gathered round it, and did ample justice to the feast provided for them. The health of the newly-married couple was drank in bumpers of sparkling champagne, and more than one present noticed that the groom took glass after glass with every one who offered to drink with him.

Before the supper was over, Fenton began to feel the fumes of the wine mounting to his brain; but he had already learned to love its exhilarating effects too well to refrain, even at such a time as this. Opal was beginning to recover from the chilling dread that had almost frozen the springs of life at their source, when her composure was almost put to flight by overhearing some one ask:

"Where is Guy Denham? How happens it that neither he nor Mrs. Langley are here to-night? Such near connexions of Fenton's I thought would be sure to be present."

"Hush!" replied a warning voice, lowered to a confidential tone; but through the laughter and noise around her Opal distinctly heard every word. "Don't you know that poor Guy is melancholy mad because he has been rivalled? As I came here I met him riding through the woods like one demented. I stopped him and asked him if he was not coming to the wedding, and he scowled at me as if he were ready to fly at me and take my life; but with his usual good breeding, he soon recollected himself, and said that his sister had company at Ashwood which would detain her at home, and he therefore declined attending also. When we parted, I looked back after him and saw that he had put his horse to full speed again, and I understood the feelings that were surging in his soul. It is a pity for him, for Guy is a noble fellow; but the fair Opal has made what her parents consider a more brilliant match than Denham would have been."

"I do not know why. If justice had been done by Mrs. Markland, her son would have been no better off than Guy; not so well off, in fact, for he has lately had some money left him."

"I know. But this marriage has been a settled thing so long that Denham was a fool to set his heart on a girl who was beyond his reach. It's a serious thing with him, I tell you; for——"

At that moment a move was made to leave the table; the music swept in joyous strains through the air, and Opal, feeling faint and sick at heart, was taken back to the drawing-room. She declined dancing again, and sat down on a sofa, trying to put from her the memory of what she had overheard.

Fenton left her there, saying that he would join the dancers; but he really wished to go out into the night air to dissipate the effects of the unusual quantity of wine he had drank. His head was becoming unsteady, and he was beginning to awake fully to the disgrace it would be to him to become intoxicated on the evening of his marriage.

He went on the back gallery and plunged his head into a basin of cold water. He asked for a goblet of milk, and after drinking it felt less giddy. Thinking that a turn in the shrubbery would quite restore to him the use of his faculties, Fenton made his way around the house and moved bare-headed down the carriage drive.

Feeling much better for his *al fresco* promenade, he turned to retrace his steps. He, too, had heard that company at Ashwood detained Mrs. Langley at home, and he well knew who was there. What bitter anguish was flooding one trusting heart while *he* was pledging his faith to his lately wedded bride. Now that it was too late, he bitterly repented of what he had done. He would gladly have gone to Inez had it been possible to do so; but a wall of adamant had arisen between them, built up by his own reckless hands, and he must make the best of the fate he himself had courted.

Fenton had moved forward but a few yards when the heavens seemed suddenly to open and its lightnings to strike him through the heart. From a clump of evergreens that stood on one side of the road a pistol was discharged within a few feet of his breast. Three shots were fired in rapid succession, as if the murderer was resolved to make sure of the victim, and Fenton fell forward on his face without uttering a single cry.

There was a rush of many feet toward the spot on which he lay, for a crowd of gentlemen were on the portico and heard the shots. Cries of rage and terror were heard when they reached the fallen man, followed by that dread stillness which falls on all when the worst is known. The gay bridegroom was found lying on the sward, his embroidered vest covered with blood that welled from his breast, and those who looked upon his face knew that the solemn seal of death was upon it.

Life was already extinct, and swift and sure had been his doom. He must have passed into eternity almost before he realized his own danger.

The shrubbery was eagerly searched, and a pistol, which had been recently discharged, was found upon the grass within a few feet of the murdered man.

Wallis picked it up and held it to the light, and, with white terror in his face, he cried out:

"Good God! it is Guy Denham's pistol! He must have done this dastardly deed. Search the grounds; find the murderer and secure him. I offer a reward of five hundred dollars for his apprehension. I will head the pursuit myself, for I had rather do that than face the scene in yonder when poor Godfrey is carried in."

There was eager mounting on horseback, and an excited cavalcade set forward to scour the grounds, and, if necessary, seek Guy Denham at Ashwood, for that he was the criminal all seemed to agree.

The ladies, in extreme alarm, had gathered on the portico to ascertain what had happened; and foremost among them was the mother and bride of Fenton, both anxious and trembling, but apprehensive of no danger to him.

Mr. Hastings came toward the house with his white hair flying wildly back from his brow, and his face pale with horror. He caught sight of his daughter, and, making his way to her, placed his arm around her, and at the same time drawing Mrs. Markland from the group, he huskily said:

"Come away with me. Something dreadful has happened, and you must get into the house before you hear it."

Mrs. Markland instantly took the alarm, and cried out:

"My son—my son! Those shots were fired at him, and they have wounded him, or you would not wish to remove Opal and myself. Oh! what is it? What dreadful woe has come to me?"

She evaded his attempts to arrest her steps, and rushing into the yard ran toward those who by this time were approaching the house with their sad burden.

The shrill, despairing cry with which the unhappy mother cast herself upon the bosom of her murdered son proved to Opal that something terrible had occurred, and she sunk fainting on the breast of her father.

Opal was removed at once to her own room, where we will leave her to learn the sad truth that she was a widowed bride, and return to the wild scene of tumult below stairs.

The body of Fenton was brought into the hall and placed upon a sofa. His mother, repressing the cries of anguish that arose to her lips, knelt beside him, and with her trembling hands laid bare the breast in which three small purple spots were seen just over the heart. From these the ensanguined tide continued still to flow, though his face had already settled into the rigidity of death.

A young physician, who happened to be one of the company, approached and felt for his pulse. He shook his head ominously, and whispered a few words to some ladies standing near him. Mrs. Markland looked up with an expression of stony bewilderment in her eyes, and sharply asked:

"Why don't you speak so that I can hear you, Dr. Manton? Can nothing be done to bring back life? He isn't dead—he can't be dead, who so lately was so full of life."

Her two daughters were crying aloud and wringing their hands in helpless anguish, and she turned angrily toward them and said:

"Hush—hush! That noise will disturb your brother, and there is no reason why you should give way so. Godfrey will soon come round again; is it not so, Dr. Manton?"

Thus appealed to, the physician, with a look of deep compassion, replied:

"I fear that nothing will ever again disturb him. It is useless to attempt to restore him, Mrs. Markland. Your son is dead."

She looked at him a few seconds as if she could not understand him; but then the dread meaning of his words came to her stunned senses, and she repeated in a dull tone:

"Dead—*dead!* The pride of my life gone down to the dust in the bloom of his early manhood."

Then her voice suddenly arose to a wild, frenzied cry, and she exclaimed:

"Who has done this cruel thing? Who hated my boy to that degree that his life was made the forfeit? I did not know he had an enemy on earth, yet he has fallen in his youth by the hand of an assassin."

All present shrank from telling her who was the suspected murderer; for his near connexion with her remaining children must give a new blow to her heart.

But while Mrs. Markland paused for a reply to her agonized question, and whispered words were exchanged among the bystanders, the bustle of an arrival was heard, and Guy Denham, pallid as a ghost and looking fearfully excited, came in. He was guarded on either side by those who had found him walking his jaded horse through the woodland that lay around the home of his sister, and seized on him as the murderer of Fenton.

He moved steadily forward till he came to the side of the corpse, and looking down upon it with mingled pity and reverence, he stretched forth his hand above it and solemnly said:

"I am accused of having taken the life of this man, and circumstantial evidence is so strong against me that I scarcely hope to escape the stigma, at least, of the crime. But as God is my judge, I am innocent, and I call on his holy angels to bear witness to the truth of my asseverations."

Mrs. Markland arose and stood facing him. All that was noble in her nature came to the surface in that trying moment, and she felt within her soul the conviction that he spoke the truth.

She took in her own the hand Denham still held over her dead son, and sadly said:

"I believe that you have spoken the truth, Guy. You did not love my boy, but you are incapable of committing a crime like this. You would never have given so bitter a sorrow to her who has stood in the place of a mother to you."

Denham placed his arm tenderly around her shaking form, and earnestly said:

"You do me but justice, Aunt Gertrude. I had no hand in this, nor have I the faintest suspicion of who the real criminal is. Let me conduct you to a private room, for this is no place for you."

Mrs. Markland released herself from him with a sudden cry, and throwing herself forward, passionately kissed the lips and brow of her dead son, and then submitted to be led away, followed by her weeping daughters.

Denham came back in a few moments, and while the body of Fenton was removed to a chamber to be prepared for the grave, he went into the library with Mr. Hastings and a few other gentlemen who wished to hear such defence as he could make against the charge that had been made against him.

Denham was there shown the pistol which had been picked up on the lawn, and recognized it, as the others had done, as his own. It was mounted with silver, and had his initials on the handle. He said:

"I have not had this weapon in my possession for several months. Last autumn, you may remember, Mr. Hastings, we practised target shooting on the lawn, and this pistol was loaned to your daughter because it was light and easily managed. I have never had it in my possession since, though how it came into the hands of the murderer I cannot imagine. I shall of course go in town at as early an hour to-morrow morning as possible, and let such investigations as are necessary be made. I will not shrink from the ordeal, though it may brand me with a crime which I hope those who know me believe me to be incapable of committing."

Mr. Hastings appeared to be dreadfully agitated. His face worked with emotion, and for several moments he was unable to speak. He at length hoarsely said:

"I remember the target shooting, and the loan of the pistol to Opal. I have seen it lying in yonder window all the winter, but neglected to return it to you. I believe you to be as innocent of this fearful deed as I myself am, Guy Denham, and I will stand by you to the last. No one shall condemn you while I have the power to prevent it."

Denham grasped his hand and gratefully replied:

"Thank you, sir—thank you, for so cordially bearing witness for me. Since I know that you believe me innocent, I shall better be able to bear this cruel accusation; but I feel that until the murderer is found, let the award of justice be what it may, the world will still suspect me as the guilty one. I must bear that as well as I can, yet it is hard to endure the odium of such a deed as this."

"Hard—hard, indeed," muttered Mr. Hastings in a half dazed way; and he hurried from the room, found the side-board, and hastily swallowed a bumper of brandy nearly undiluted. He then shut himself up in a room alone, and would admit no one to his presence.

The hours spent there silvered his hair to the whiteness of snow, and printed lines upon his face that made him look twenty years older than on the previous day. It was to him a far more awful vigil than that one beside what he believed to be the death-bed of Nina, and in the anguish of his soul he cursed the hour that had brought her beneath his roof.

He knew whose hand had struck this blow, yet he would not expose her. He dared not ask himself by what means she had accomplished her threatened vengeance, but that she alone had laid this young life low he felt assured.

The horror-stricken guests departed for their homes, and the house so lately the scene of festivity was left to death and sorrow.

Mrs. Markland mourned as Rachel for her children that were not, and Mrs. Hastings was in her chamber in violent hysterics, while Opal lay in the one above it under the influence of a powerful narcotic which it had been thought advisable to administer to her soon after she revived from the state of insensibility into which the shock of Fenton's awful death had thrown her.

Guy Denham gave his parole to appear before a magistrate in Natchez, by ten o'clock on the following morning, and he was permitted to return to Ashwood accompanied by two of the gentlemen who had arrested him.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

TWO SUITORS.

BY AMY RANDOLPH.

"I don't see what can have become of the child," said Mrs. Wallace, looking anxiously up and down the sunshiny road, "it's near five o'clock, and she told me she'd surely be home by that time."

"Which way did she go?" asked honest Lemuel Barkley.

"Well, she was going only to 'Squire Martin's. Melinda Martin has got company from the city, and it's only natural Amy should like a little variety."

"Only natural, to be sure," assented Lemuel, with a choking sensation in his throat, as he remembered the perfumed and fashionably-attired young man who had made 'Squire Martin's big square pew such an object of attraction the last two Sundays, and remembered how odd, and homespun, and clumsy *he* must appear by the side of this city exquisite.

"Suppose I go as far as the bars in the big sheep-pasture by the woods to meet her?" he proposed.

Mrs. Wallace looked relieved.

"I wish you would, Lemuel. I don't, somehow, feel easy about her comin' all that way back by herself, and may be 'Squire Martin's folks won't think to send any one home with her."

Lemuel Barkley had his own thoughts about that matter, but he kept them to himself, and strode away down the lawn—his hands in his pockets, and his eye fixed moodily on the red and yellow leaves that scudded along the ground at his feet, like troops of brilliantly-dressed little ballet-dancers.

It was not until he reached the bars, close on the edge of the woods, that his searching eyes caught a glimpse of Amy Wallace's blue merino dress and coquettish tasseled hood. Nor was it alone; for 'Squire Martin's gay city guest walked alongside of the fair little damsel,—Lemuel could see that quite plainly,—nor did they either of them notice him, although his one figure, coming up the narrow foot-path, must have been sufficiently distinct to eyes not already preoccupied.

"Amy!"

He did not speak until he was quite close to her.

She started a little.

"Oh, Lemuel! is it you? How on earth came *you* here?"

"Where you are not wanted!"

She had not added the last five words, yet poor Lemuel understood them quite distinctly in the cadence of her tone.

"Your mother felt uneasy, Amy, and sent me to meet you and bring you home."

"Thank you—I have company. Mr. Barkley, let me introduce you to Major Telfair."

Major Telfair touched his hat in a debonnaire style. Lemuel nodded stiffly.

"Pray don't trouble yourself," said the major, "I will see Miss Wallace safe home."

Honest Lemuel felt that he had received his *congé* quite decidedly, and yet he lingered, half-hoping that Amy would give him some word or glanc or mute, voiceless sign that she appreciated his presence and his devotion. But Amy looke resolutely the other way; and Lemuel, strolling along a few yards in the rear, with his hand in his pockets and his feet idly kicking the drifts of autumn-leaves, wondered how on ear he had been such a fool as to come after An; how she could possibly fancy such a mustached and scented puppy, who scarcely reached to *his* stalwart shoulders; and how it was that men, generation after generation, would pine after girls who didn't care the snap of their fingers for 'em.

But it takes a great deal of tacit argument to convince a man that he isn't wanted; and, in spite of all his philosophy, the next evening saw Mr. Lemuel Barkley striding up the little path to Mrs. Wallace's door, with a huge bag on his shoulders!

Could he but have been an invisible witness to all that was just then going on in the "best room," where a fire had been kindled and the green shades rolled up!

"You will wear the ring, Amy, just to remember me," said Major Telfair. "I am going away to-morrow, and I would fain keep a place in your heart."

Amy glanced shyly down at the turquoise ring that had just been slipped on to her finger by the major's deft hand. She was half-disappointed, half-pleased; somehow, she had expected a little more,—but then, perhaps, that *more* might still come.

"I am afraid you will forget all about me when you have returned to the city," she said, still keeping her eyes on the pretty blue stone.

"Forget *you*, Amy? as if——"

Hump! thump! thump! came a determined knock on the door without. Amy opened it, biting her lip with secret annoyance.

"It's only me, Amy," said honest Lemuel, stumbling over his grammar and the door-stone with one accord. "I've brought you a bag of butternuts from the old tree back o' the well—don't you remember, you always thought those butternuts were bigger and sweeter than——"

But Amy cut her sylvan adorer short.

"How provoking you are, Lemuel! as if I cared for the old butternuts. I was a child then. Perhaps grandmother may like them—you had better carry them 'round to the back-door, or give them to the pigs or something!"

And she shut the door in Lemuel's face. He could hear the major's derisive laugh as it swung to, and he had seen the little blue stone on Amy's finger. That was enough.

Lemuel carried the bag of butternuts back to the barn at home, and, sitting there with his forehead pressed close to the huge beams and fragrant tresses of clover-hay touching his forehead, he shed the bitterest tears of his whole life.

"I may as well give it up," thought Lemuel, "she don't care for me—no, never did. I'll go out to Ohio, with Uncle John, and try farming there; I can't stay in *this* place."

And the next morning's stage bore away *both* Amy Wallace's devoted swains, glaring indirectly at one another from their opposite seats. And Amy, watching them from her door-step, gave no sigh of regret to the lover who had grown up at her side, but thought only of

"The gay cavalier,
Who loved, and who rode away."

"I think he would have proposed to me last night if that clumsy fellow hadn't tumbled into the room with his bag of butternuts," thought Amy, shading her eyes from the mellow November sunlight with one plump hand. "However, he will write to me—yes, he will certainly write."

But Major Telfair did *not* write, and poor Amy's daily journeys to the post-office were utterly in vain.

So the golden Indian-summer died out upon the hills, and the snow and the bitter winds came, and with them came trials and tribulation to the Wallace family. Nehemiah Wallace died, and his wife lost the use of her hands, and 'Squire Martin foreclosed the old mortgage which had been so long hanging over their heads; and it became sadly, sorely necessary that Amy should do something to maintain herself and her mother.

"I cannot teach—I don't know enough," sighed the poor, forlorn child, "and, mother, I should be ashamed to go out to service here where I've always held up my head with the best of them. Mother, what can I do to earn a little money?"

"There's Sabrina Hayes works on a sewing-machine, and makes her dollar a day," suggested the helpless widow.

"Yes; but we have not money to buy a machine."

"Widow Kopman makes shirts, but you never was quick at your needle, Amy."

"I know I am a poor useless creature, mother, but still it seems as if I might do *something.*"

"Well, cheer up, child, don't cry—we'll think of the right thing yet. There's Clara Cooper tends store in New York—you might do that."

"Yes, I might do that," said Amy, brightening a little; "and perhaps Clara could help me to a situation. Any way I could get away from *here.*"

And that was the way Amy Wallace left the country place, when people somehow looked more coldly on her since death and poverty had left their iron footmarks on her threshold, and became shop girl in Madame Latour's elegant little fancy store on Broadway. Clara Cooper told her she was fortunate in getting a situation there—and perhaps she was.

"It's your pretty face has done it, Amy," said Clara. "Madame likes good-looking shop-girls—it attracts custom, she says."

"A dollar and a half a week is very little to earn," meekly suggested Amy.

"O, you'll be sure to get more salary after awhile," said Clara. "Nobody expects to earn much at first."

And with that slender sum, and still more slender hope of promotion, Amy was forced to be contented.

"Miss Wallace! is it possible that you are idling again? and all those ribbons to be arranged in the show-cases, and the remnants of insertion to be marked?"

Amy Wallace started from her reverie, with a guilty flush on her sunken cheek and a nervous flutter of the poor, worn little hands. Madame Latour could be soft-voiced and amiable enough when the gay fancy store was full of fashionably dressed customers, but it was vacant and solitary now, with the exception of the few pale shop-girls who were busied in its various departments, and the fat over-dressed proprietress, who was perched behind the glazed front of her cashier's desk, like a spider in its den.

"Don't be so clumsy!" snapped Madame Latour, as poor Amy, in her haste, lurched a box of gloves from the counter. "I don't know what is the matter with you, lately, Miss Wallace—you do not half earn your dollar and a half a week!"

The matter! if Amy could only have told Madame Latour of the clamorous landlord and unpaid grocer and fireless hearth at home. But she only sighed, and went on with her work, arranging the ribbons so that the level November sunshine should not fade them.

For it was just a year since Major Telfair had placed the little turquoise ring on her finger, and she had rejected Lemuel Barkley's bag of butternuts. Oh, if she could only look into Lemuel's honest eyes once more! Poor Amy! she had, at last, learned the value of a friend.

Suddenly she started—was she dreaming? No, it was really and veritably Major Telfair's gay, smoothly-toned voice; and Madame Latour's at the same time saying, in a hurried *sotto voce:*

"Miss Wallace, *will* you be so good as to attend to your business?"

"White gloves—Number six and a half."

"Nonsense, Major," lisped his pretty companion, whom Amy recognized as an heiress of considerable fashion, who frequently patronized Madame Latour and never seemed to have any consideration for her shop-girls.

"But I insist upon it," said the gallant Major. "*I* tore off the button, and I wish to see your toilette as perfect as it was before. Here, you glove-girl—six and a half."

As Amy laid the required package on the counter, the turquoise ring upon her hand—a curious ornament, fashioned like a gold serpent, with the stone in his mouth—caught the Major's eye. He started, colored a little, and, looking up, met Amy's pleading, wistful eye. They recognized one another.

"Will he speak?" thought Amy, with her pulses throbbing. But Major Telfair looked her full in the face, as he might have eyed the glass show-window behind her. It was all very nice to have a snug flirtation with a pretty country girl, but when it came to owning acquaintanceship with a young woman who "tended store," and in Miss Flora Goldie's presence, too—that was altogether another thing. Major Telfair wasn't to be caught in any such trap.

He paid for the gloves, received his change, and sauntered out of the store, carrying Miss Goldie's pink parasol.

"That glove-girl was very pretty," said Flora, before they had left the store.

"Was she? Never noticed her," said the Major; and Amy bit her lips to hide the contemptuous smile that wreathed them.

The day crept on—it was growing twilight, and Madame Latour had just issued orders to light up the three chandeliers, when another customer strode in.

"Number nine and a half kid gloves, if you please."

And Lemuel Barkley rested his huge elbows on the counter, looking admiringly down at the pretty things it contained.

"We do not keep gentlemen's gloves."

How Lemuel started as the soft, subdued voice fell on his ear; he strained his eyes into the dusk, eagerly.

"Excuse me, Miss, but you speak exactly like a girl I once knew at——"

Suddenly the gas-lights flashed upon the counters, illuminating both the glove-girl and her customer.

"Amy! It *is* Amy! I thought it was!"

"Oh, Lemuel, Lemuel! how long it seems since I have seen you!"

She did not cry—but there were tears in her voice. Lemuel squeezed both her hands in his iron grasp until the pressure was absolutely painful.

"Amy, you don't know how glad I am to see you! you can't tell——"

But here Madame Latour's smooth, aggravating voice broke in upon the young man's strong deep tones.

"We don't allow visitors during store hours. Miss Wallace—you will attend to your business."

"You'll please attend to your own, you old cat!" roared Lemuel, so decidedly that Madame Latour instinctively retreated. "Miss Wallace is under *my* protection now, and if you don't like it you may just do the other thing!"

"Miss Wallace," said the proprietress, with some acrimony, "you'll please consider yourself dismissed!"

Lemuel instantly drew Amy's arm under his own.

"Come, Amy," he said, gently; "*I'll* take care of you now. Don't cry, little one," for she was weeping abundantly as they went out into the lamp-lighted dusk of the great city; "your place isn't at the beck and call of such an old she-dragon as that!"

"But, Lemuel, mother and I—we shall starve."

"Look here, Amy," said the young giant, stopping in the midst of Broadway—"Fortune has favored me since I cut loose from the old homestead at Woodham. I've enough to keep myself and a wife beside—and if your mother will accept a home at my hands, I'll be proud to offer it to her. Say, Amy—will you come out to Ohio and be a farmer's wife?"

And Amy said *yes*, hardly knowing whether to laugh or to cry, in the fullness of her glad heart.

So Lemuel Barkley went home with the discharged shop-girl, and told Widow Wallace of the big farm-house out in Ohio, with its dairy and its fruit-orchards, and the well, overhung by huge butternut trees——

"Butternut trees!" echoed Amy, who sat smiling and blushing within the circling pressure of his arm. "Oh, Lemuel, do you remember the bag of butternuts?"

"*Don't* I!" responded Barkley, with a laugh that it would have done your heart good to hear. "That bag of butternuts was the making of me, Amy; if it hadn't been for that, I should have stayed in Woodham, and have been a poor man to this hour."

"Oh, but Lemuel, I was very unkind to you!"

"Well, puss, we've got a life-time before us to make it up in!"

And Amy's tearful eyes told him that she and her life and her heart were *all* his, from that moment thenceforward!

◆

TO AN ENVIOUS MAN.

By your contracted brow, you're known—
Your evil glance—your sallow hue;
In heart, you envy every one—
But no one envies you.

◆

THE SAILOR AND THE ACTRESS.

"When I was a poor girl," said the duchess of St. Albans, "working very hard for my thirty shillings a week, I went down to Liverpool during the holidays, where I was always kindly received. I was to perform in a new piece, a pretty little affecting drama; and in my character I represented a poor, friendless orphan girl, reduced to the most wretched poverty. A heartless tradesman prosecutes the sad heroine for a heavy debt, and insists on putting her in prison, unless some one will be bail for her. The girl replies, "Then I have no hope, I have not a friend in the world." "What! will no one be bail for you to save you from prison?" asks the stern creditor. "I have told you I have not a friend on earth," was my reply. But just as I was uttering the words, I saw a sailor in the upper gallery, springing over the railing, letting himself down from one tier to another, until he bounded clear over the orchestra and foot-lights, and placed himself beside me in a moment. "Yes, you shall have *one* friend, at least, my poor young woman," said he, with the greatest expression in his honest, sunburnt countenance. "I will go bail for you to any amount. And as for *you*, (turning to the frightened actor,) if you don't bear a hand and shift your moorings, you lubber, it will be worse for you when I come athwart your bows." Every creature in the house rose; the uproar was perfectly indescribable; peals of laughter, screams of terror, cheers from his tawny messmates in the gallery; preparatory scrapings of violins from the orchestra; and amidst the universal din there stood the unconscious cause of it, sheltering me, "the poor, distressed young woman," and breathing defiance and destruction against my mimic persecutor. He was only persuaded to relinquish his care of me by the manager's pretending to arrive and rescue me, with a profusion of theatrical bank notes.

◆

—The forms of good-breeding have been properly compared to the cotton and other soft materials placed between china vases, to prevent their being broken by collision.

◆

Enough Said.—"She was always busy and always quiet," was written on the tomb-stone of a lady.

THE OLD FARM-HOUSE.

BY CALEB DUNN.

In a little grove of shade-trees
  Stands the farm-house, brown and old,
With a wealth of vines around it
  Gemm'd with flowers of red and gold.
By the path which makes a circle
  Of white sand around the lawn,
Grow sweet timothy and clover
  Rosy as a June day-dawn.

'Round its doors pale morning-glories,
  Jump-up-johnnies, dahlias, pinks,
Cluster—concentrated beauties
  Married by a thousand links:
Links of love, the work of Nature's
  Mystery of handicraft;
Links of glory, thro' which fairy
  Argosies of perfume waft.

And the gate that swings before it,
  And the fence as white as snow,
Stand on variegated cushions
  Which the sunfire sets aglow—
Crowning them with many colors—
  Yellow, purple, green and blue—
As if rainbows there had fallen,
  Melting into rarest dew.

On its roof the greenest mosses
  Catch the shadows from the trees;
On its sides red honey-suckles
  Make their curtsies to the breeze;
And the ever nervous willows,
  Standing near the garden's bound,
Throw a web of shade fantastic
  On the clover-mantled ground.

O'er the well an arch of grape-vines,
  Formed with heaven-directed care,
Chains the shadows to the water,
  Making cool the summer air;
And a tiny church—its steeple
  Piercing through a bower of leaves—
Is a sure and sacred refuge,
  Where the wren her carol weaves.

All around is perfect beauty,
  Crowned with favor from above,
On which angels, from their Aidenn,
  Shower admiring smiles of love.
Many years have gathered 'round it,
  Summer's rain and winter's snow,
But it stands as firm and perfect
  As it stood in the "Long Ago."

SCRAPS OF ADVENTURE.

FROM AN OLD SAILOR'S LOG-BOOK.

No. XXIX.

By SYLVANUS COBB, Jr.

ALI BEN HARIB.

It was a dark and dubious prospect that lay before Fiddy Cummings and myself, but not yet did we wish ourselves back on board the frigate. At about one o'clock, as already stated in the preceding paper, the wind had freshened, and shortly after we took to the water, the breeze grew still stronger; but we apprehended no difficulty from that unless the wind should grow to a gale. As it was, the sea broke over our heads occasionally, and until we had learned how to navigate in our new position, we swallowed a quantity of salt water that was far from pleasant.

I think an hour had passed away, and, during the last half of it, neither Fiddy nor myself had spoken a word. We had calculated as nearly as possible the direction of the African coast, and with all the strength we could command we had struck out in that direction. But at the expiration of the hour, my strength began to fail me, and I knew that I had not much more power to pull against the strong current. The influence of the water was weakening, and I began to realize that there might be danger in exhausting my physical energies. Thus far the one dreadful thought of sharks had given direction to my muscles; but had there been a score of the voracious monsters in my wake, I could not have continued to strike out as I had been doing. For the first time, my courage began to waver. It did not really begin to fail me, but it grew weak and lacked decision, and I tried to call the spirit of resignation to my aid. But it was hard to be resigned to such a fate as seemed to hover near me. I spoke to my companion,—for we had knotted two of our lanyards together, so that no ill-starred wave should sweep us asunder.

"Fiddy, how is your courage?"

"Good," said he.

But his tone gave most positive denial to his assertion. I could tell very well that he was weaker than I was, so I confessed to him:

"My courage is as good as yours, but I cannot breast this current much longer. My strength is giving out, and I don't believe it is policy for us to use all our strength in a cause that may be entirely useless; for I tell you candidly that I have my doubts about the direction we are taking. The waves are running against the current, and we are just as likely to have our faces pointed towards the Atlantic as in any other direction."

In a moment Fiddy stopped working with his hands, and then acknowledged that he was well nigh exhausted.

"It's no use, Beck. I've tried to hold out, but I can't do it any longer. Would there be any danger in resting until daylight? These jackets will hold us up."

There was but one source of danger, but Fiddy had not mentioned it to me, and I would not to him. If he thought I had been striking out so vigorously for no other purpose than to escape from my watery berth, he was mistaken. I had been moved by another motive—by a dread which the reader knows full well. But, as Fiddy put the question,—thus leading me to reflect,—it struck me that even to avoid the sharks, I had not been pursuing the wisest course. The very efforts I had been putting forth to that end were calculated to attract the attention of the monsters, and I was forced to the conclusion that our best course, after all, would be to remain comparatively quiet until daylight; and so I said to my companion:

"The current must set us up the Strait," I said; "and I think as we approach Tangier it will set us in towards the shore. We can maintain such movement as will not fatigue us, and leave the rest to fate."

And so we floated on, keeping our right side to the current, and pulling gently ahead.

The hours passed on, and at length the day began to dawn. A dim tint of light appeared in the East, and ere long the gloom was so far broken that we could see the coast. A brief space longer, and we saw the white walls of many buildings reflecting the beams of the morning. We had floated close to the entrance of the Bay of Tangier, and after a little consultation, we decided that we would strike for that town, trusting that among some of the poorer people in the outskirts we might find shelter until we could make some further arrangement, our chief hope being, of course, in hitting an American vessel, either going into the Mediterranean or coming out.

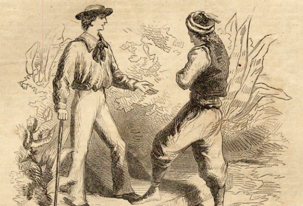
The day had fairly broken, and the first golden beams of the rising sun were touching the tops of the higher waves, when we saw a boat sailing towards us. It had put off from the shore west of the town, and was evidently a fisherman; and we made up our minds that we would attract the attention of those on board if we could; for we were very weak, and I was beginning to experience a sense of numbness about the lower part of my legs. The boat stood towards us until within half a mile, and then it kept away to the westward; but our kerchiefs, swung as high in the air as we could reach, were at length seen by the boatmen, and their craft was once more headed towards us.

It was a goodly-sized, polachre-rigged boat, and contained four men, two of whom pulled us on board, while the other two attended the sheets and tiller. My first instinct, upon finding myself and my companion safe upon the substantial thwart of the boat, was to look into the faces of those who had picked us up, to discover, if possible, what manner of men they were.

They were Moors, of magnificent physiques, and really good-looking; though, like all of their class whom it was my fortune to see, they were sadly lacking in cleanliness. They were fishermen, as I had supposed, and from the preparations visible about me, it was evident that they had started out upon a day's fishing. They manifested the utmost surprise upon beholding us, and as soon as we had got fairly seated, and had wiped the salt water from our faces, they began to ply us with questions. But they might as well have whistled for answers as talk to us in the strange gibberish that fell from their lips. I shook my head, and replied to them that I could not understand a word they said.

"Ah—oh—o! English!" said one of them, upon which I nodded in the affirmative.

At this juncture Fiddy came in with a language which he could speak to perfection. Close by his home there had lived an old fisherman who was deaf and dumb, and by much intercourse with him he had become as perfect in the science of signs as the most adroit pantomimist. He commenced talking with his hands and face, and as he progressed, I was surprised at the clear and intelligible manner in which he unfolded our story; and the Moors, who knew nothing before, seemed to understand him as well as I did. By making a sign of sleep, pointing to each of his auditors as he did so, he conveyed to them the intelligence that we had fallen overboard in the night time; and he furthermore made signs that the life-preservers had been thrown overboard for us.



When the Moors had gathered all the information that could be imparted in this way, one of them brought out a bottle of wine from a basket and gave it to Fiddy; but he passed it to me without tasting of it, remarking as he did so:

"Let them see that you are the leader."

"Pshaw!" said I; "why will you be so foolish?"

"There is no foolishness at all about it, Beck. You are the leader, and you know it. If we are to have an extended cruise together, we may as well commence right. You are master, and I am man; and I'll serve you and stick by you; and depend upon it, those fellows will honor you just according to the station they think you occupy."

I am free to confess that I felt a degree of pride in my companion's proposition, and without further remark I placed the bottle to my lips. I was very thirsty, and the contents of the bottle was just the thing for the time and occasion, being a light, sour wine. I drank what I thought was safe, and then passed the bottle back to Fiddy, who in turn drank.

Another conversation by signs followed between my companions and the Moors, and pretty soon they put their boat's head around for the shore. I hoped they would not steer for the centre of the town, for I had no desire of falling into the hands of the British consul; and very soon I discovered that they did not mean to steer that way at all.

Tangier, like all the old towns in the Barbary States, is surrounded by an embattled wall, and upon the sea-side it is strongly fortified, though the forts, which appeared to me to be built of soft red sandstone, did not look very substantial. I thought, as I approached it, that the batteries of a good frigate might knock it in pieces. Our Moors steered for a point about half a mile west of the town, where, up from the low, sandy shore, there were quite a number of huts belonging to fishermen and vine-dressers. Our boat was driven upon the soft sand, and as I was helped out I found myself much more weak than I had anticipated; but I required no assistance, and when I had taken a few steps my muscles began to come into better tune. We followed our friends up the beach to a low, rambling cot, which stood back of a number of smaller ones, and around which were date and orange trees in profusion. We were conducted to an apartment where a couple of cushion-like stools, or hassocks, were given us to sit upon, and while two of the men went off upon an errand, as I judged from the conversation held before they started, the other two brought to us wine of a much better quality than that which we had had in the boat, and with it was some very respectable bread and a dish of splendid dried dates.

By the time we had finished our repast the two Moors who had gone out returned with a third man who saluted us in good English, and through him we told our story to the friends who had picked us up; but we did not plan to expose ourselves to unnecessary danger. I have no disposition to attempt to smooth over the fact that we told the story a little different from the circumstances as they existed. We had been wickedly impressed into a hateful service, and we had no desire to throw out information which might help to lead us back into the thraldom from which we had with so much risk escaped. So when the interpreter was ready to hear my story I told him that I and my companion had fallen overboard from an American ship which had passed out the night before. I described how we had fallen from the jib-boom by the breaking of the foot-rope; how the current had borne us away so that the boat could not find us; and how we had had the good fortune to hit upon the life-preservers which had been thrown over for us. Our friends were much interested in our story, and seemed to feel more sympathy for us upon learning that we were not English.

After we had answered all the questions the Moors had to ask we begged that they would shelter us from the British consul; and in making this request we explained that the English were impressing all our countrymen upon whom they could lay their hands, and were they to find out that we were there we should not be safe. And we furthermore explained that there was likely to be war between the two nations, which would make our situation on board an English man-of-war painful in the extreme. I told the Moors that we had but little money; but what we had should be theirs if they would give us shelter until we could find an American vessel.

Our host—he who owned the boat, and the cot in which we were sheltered—told us his name was Hassan Albah; and the interpreter was named Ali Ben Harib. Very fortunately for us the latter had a strong love for Americans. About three years before, he told us, he had been cast away in a small vessel off one of the Canary Islands, and the crew of an American vessel had not only picked him up and been very kind to him, but the captain had gone considerably out from his course, and spent forty hours of time, for the purpose of setting him on shore so that he could reach his home.

"When we separated," continued Ali, "I had no money, and expressed my regrets that I could not repay my preservers for their kindness; and the captain said to me,—'All the pay I ask is, if you ever come across a countryman of mine in distress you will serve him to the extent of his needs if you have the power.' You are the first Americans I have met since that time who needed assistance, and now I will keep my pledge to my American friend. If you have money you may pay Hassan for what you eat and drink, but I would not touch it for the world."

In the fulness of my gratitude I arose and grasped Ben Harib by the hand, and told him that if he would be truly our friend as he had promised, I would never forget, when I raised my voice to God, to ask a blessing on his head.

When all this had been rendered to Hassan, he declared that he wanted no money for his kindness and care; but I could see that he was not very emphatic in his expression. He might not have demanded money, but I made up my mind that he would not refuse it. Ali Ben Harib, however, was sincere. There was no deceit in his face, but I could see the most reliable and unswerving faith; and from that moment, while depending upon him, I would have trusted him with my life. And I soon found, too, that his kindness to us was to be of no negative kind. He had planned that he would work for us, and he meant to set about it at once. He regarded his pledge to the American captain as a solemn and binding obligation, and he meant now to fulfil it.

At the end of an hour, during which we held a most interesting conversation, Ali arose to depart.

"I am going," he said, "to see what dangers you are likely to encounter, and to make preparations for guarding against them; for you may have to remain here several weeks. You will stop here, of course, until an American vessel comes along."

At this point it occured to me that I had better confess to him the whole truth of our desertion from the English frigate; for with the possession of that secret he would know better how to govern himself. The thought was no sooner entertained than I acted upon it, for I had no fear of trusting him. So I arose and walked with him out into the date-grove, and there told him the truth. I explained why we had at first deceived him, and also explained why I now undeceived him. If possible Ali was more anxious to serve me than before. He appreciated the confidence which had led me to trust him, and he also hated the English. He said he was glad I had told him this, for he should know better how to serve me. He was going into the town, and would return by noon.

I stood in the grove and watched our new-found friend until he had passed from sight, and then I rejoined my companion and together, agreeably to an arrangement made with Hassan before the interpreter left, we went to the upper part of the orange grove, where in a secluded nook, we could remove our clothing and dry it by the heat of the sun. We were strong now, and had forgotten all our pains; for the transition from darkest gloom to the full light of hope and promise had made our spirits blithesome and buoyant.

CAN'T KEEP A HOTEL.

A man who has no call to keep a hotel had better not try it, unless he can be certain that the horizon of his guests has always been bounded by the village hay-scale. Noble scenery is a fine thing; but mountain, nor lake, nor river, was ever enjoyable in company with an empty stomach, or one which is in the talons of the fiend *indigestion*. To come to one's meal with loathing, and eat because we must or starve, and then hurry from grease and saeratus as soon as possible, is not the best receipt a landlord can use to insure a good class of customers for another season. He may think it of no consequence that his garden, if he have one, be as full of nettles as of flowers; that the walks have more pig-weed than gravel in them than his out-buildings are more conspicuous than any other object both to the eye and the nose; and that the grass-plats about the house are strewn with perpetual rags, paper and old boots which a fervid August sun is not generally inclined to mitigate.

He may "take things easy" when his guests, having engaged the hotel-carriage and horses for a ride, are still standing on the piazza waiting half an hour past the time; and when, on its dilatory appearance, the harness is found giving out at the last minute, having been patched and re-patched in a slovenly manner on uncounted previous rides; while the golden sunset, on which his guests had reckoned, is spent in a fruitless search for *that* hammer and *those* nails, which elude all pursuit. He may think it good policy to keep his *regular* boarders waiting for their meals an hour past the appointed time, while hungry children fret for sustenance, because new comers will *then* appear, and this stratagem will save the trouble of preparing *two* meals. He may do all that if he will; but he must remember that every disgusted guest who leaves his establishment will prevent many from coming to it; and that with such a short-sighted policy he will soon find "his occupation gone."

Keeping a hotel is a *gift*, as much as poetry, or sculpture, or painting. I might name men whose hotels have attained perfection under their wise, cleanly and systematic ordering; but perfect as they are, I, for one, am not employed to advertise them over the length and breadth of the land in the New York *Ledger*. Suffice it to say that I have slept on their lovely beds, and had four towels a day to wash my hands on. That I had a roomy wardrobe for such of my clothes as I desired to set free from my trunk. That the looking-glass was *not* located in the *darkest* corner of the room, or placed so high that I had to stand on tip-toe, or so low that I had to get on my knees to myself. That the coffee was not made of split peas. That the fried potatoes even an angel like me might eat. That the meats were cooked in a Christian manner, and the bread guiltless of any abominable "Sal"—anything. That the pastry, which I never touch, *looked* good for those who like it; and that the ale—oh! the ale was "divine." That in the spots where cleanliness might not be looked for, there it reigned. That no chambermaid came, with scraping broom, against my door, at daylight, to rouse me from my slumbers, and shuffle and flirt with the boot-and-shoe collectors at the different doors. That no "pictures" of ambitious artists upon the walls gave me the nightmare. And, oh! more—far more than this, that the well-mannered landlord never made a menagerie—show—of any "lion," or lioness, in his house, by labelling the same, on the instant of their appearance, in dining-hall or parlor, for the unwinking stare of the curious.

Of course, such a house needs money as well as an artist-master to carry it on. Of course, guests who register their names there, must foot the cost of all this outlay on their bills.

One can buy a bonnet at a pawn shop, if one is satisfied only with cheapness; but the dainty, artistic fingers, which blend colors and fabrics with the lightness and brightness of inspiration, cannot be expected to sell so much talent at a pawnbroker's price.

Your physician, who stays in your house only five minutes, charges you, perhaps, fifteen dollars. You stare wildly at the amount; but you do not take into account the human bodies he has overhauled, and the libraries and lectures he has mastered to arrive at the knowledge which he has concentrated for your benefit in that brief five minutes. In homely phrase,—"you pays your money and you takes your choice." Or, "he is a good-natured man, but he can't keep a hotel," nor will people stay with him long, though Paradise lies out-doors.

FANNY FERN.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

[We take pleasure in giving through these columns advice to our readers; but the case that is narrated in the following touching letter perplexes us. We publish it just as we received it; and if any of our readers feel competent to give the poor, heart-broken husband such advice as would be likely, if followed, to extricate him from his troubles without exposing his family, we shall be pleased to hear from them.]

MR. BONNER—*Sir:* I often see in your Correspondents' Answers, statements of wives being used very badly by their husbands, but it seems there are no bad wives. I read all of Fanny Fern's sketches about the ill-used women; but I find little of worse-used men. I am going to give you a little history of a family who are being brought to ruin by a wife and mother. I have been married 25 years, and have a large family, ranging from 19 years to 4—two daughters and five boys. I am by occupation a clerk, generally earning a moderate salary, say from $700 to $800 a year—enough to support us, with none to spare; but, with economy and contentment, we should want for nothing. Now, sir, for 20 years out of the 25, my wife has been a common drunkard. I am not saying too much when I say that, out of the whole time she has not been sober two years. Whiskey, from Monday till Monday again. She will go to church twice on a Sunday, and, when she gets home, she goes to the closet and takes a drink. Now I will take this week, from last Monday till to-day (Saturday). She has been constantly drunk, day and night, and the fumes from her breath actually make two small rooms smell as bad as a distillery. You will scarce believe this, but my children can vouch for it. She has not cooked a meal, washed a dish, or done anything but sit down and abuse some one or sleep her drunkenness away, to start again the next morning. My two daughters and my oldest boy are at work. They and myself come home from business, and the young ones from school, and find no dinner; the same at supper. At other times, the dinner would be cooked at ten o'clock, and left on the fire till twelve. When we get home then it would be—dinner spoiled, fire out, and she drunk on the bed. For the last two and a half years, I have been engaged at night-work; and, during that time, I may safely say, that two-thirds of the time I have had to do everything that has been done in the house. You will ask where she gets her money. She will sell everything she can get. I bring home things and she sells them. Last winter, out of the little bedding we have, she sold a blanket worth at least $7 for $1.50. All went for whiskey. Sometimes she will keep sober in the day time for two weeks. I foolishly think she will do better, and give her money to keep house. She will save out of that till she gets enough, and then she is off again for a month. She destroys more than she uses; breaks everything that comes in her way; and is up to all manner of tricks to annoy her family—hiding things, or throwing them out of doors—so they cannot be found for weeks. Now, you will think that is about as bad as I can make my story; but I have not half done. Her jealousy is worse than her other faults. There is no one—no matter what her position—no matter how good—no matter whether they ever spoke to me or not—who is safe from her suspicions. No one dare come to my house. No female is safe to speak to me in the street, without being scandalized by her. One of the situations (sexton of an Orthodox Church) I hold forces me very often to speak to ladies, and they are those who are above reproach. I do not think there is one who has not been shamefully slandered by my wife. I cannot say one half in this (as I expect to see it in print,) that I could say. I come home from my work, sometimes forgetting my troubles; the first thing I hear is, "There comes the master. Where has he been to along with Mrs. So-and-so?" mentioning names, many of whom have assisted her, more have assisted me and my family. None of my neighbors are safe from her suspicions. My girls and boy are obliged to seek other places than home to spend their time, where they can have some decent, rational enjoyment. Thank God, they are steady. Seeing her has sobered them. Now, sir, for myself. Do I give her cause for all this? Were you here, and to know us both, as many here do, you would not ask the question. I am always at work. For twenty years I have not been six months idle. My friends and acquaintances (although I am a poor man and always shall be) are among the most respectable, and it has always been thus. Now, sir, I call my Maker to witness, that I have never in my life, and I say it solemnly, given her cause to be jealous of me. It is all caused by her drunkenness. Whiskey she will have, and then blames me for it. My evenings have, in spite of her abuse, been spent at home for the sake of the children. To places of amusement I have never but twice in my life been without taking her with me. Now, sir, you often give advice. What shall I do? I have not money enough even to apply for a divorce; nor do I wish to drag my little ones to be stared at by gaping fools who haunt a court-house, while myself and daughters are badgered by contending lawyers. Who, I ask, can deliver me from this living death? Who will release me from this worse than corpse that I am chained to? Oh! what untold misery I have passed through. Oh! what unknown misery I have to go through yet. My whole life a failure, religion mocked at, morality laughed at, advice to my children jeered at by their mother; my little ones made miserable every day and night of their lives. Now, sir, how many more is there like me? Many, I am afraid. Yours, &c., G. T., Boston, Mass.

THE OLD MAN.—Such a *very* old and experienced man as you claim to be ought to have got beyond the influence of atheistic cant and drivel many years ago. Your theology, or rather your infidelity, is your own affair, and you must abide its consequences; but when it comes to the imposition of it on the young persons who were unfortunately left to your guardianship, *then* it becomes the affair of the public, and of the courts. Should you dare to attempt to carry your threat into execution of withholding needful supplies of money from your wards because they will not allow you to mould their belief into atheism, there is not a court in Christendom which would uphold you. On the contrary, any court that should hear of the outrage would wish to have jurisdiction of the case that it might set the seal of judicial condemnation on such a monster. Your wickedness must have grown with your growth and strengthened with your strength until you have really become an incarnation of that spirit of evil which is sometimes referred as "the Old Man"—a soubriquet which seems to have been fitly chosen by yourself.

W. B. D. (Long Branch).—Time is a thing, the existence of which has neither beginning nor end. Its progress is marked by periods, which are measured from observations of the motion of the sun,—such as an hour, a day, a night, a month, or a year. Matter is eternal; but, of course, undergoing perpetual changes. Your third question, about the flux and reflux of the tides, whether occasioned by the pressure of the moon on the waters, or the gravitation of the earth towards the moon, has entailed upon us a very difficult question; but we think we are not wrong when we inform you that the waters of the ocean have their tides occasioned by *the unequal gravitation of their different particles to the moon or the sun;* the waters being highest in that place which has the luminary in its zenith, and lowest where it has the luminary in its horizon.

HOUSEKEEPER.—Your experience with servants is no worse than that of your neighbors; and it is doubtful if the latter get as much comfort out of theirs as you do out of yours. Some people seem to be miserable unless they have a grievance on which to descant to their friends and acquaintance. You say that you "scold and fret at your servant girls from morning till night, and yet it doesn't seem to do a bit of good." Very likely. Scolding and fretting never yet did any good, anywhere, under any circumstances. Calm reproof, dignified command, and even vehement denunciation when one is quite ready to give it force and effect by the immediate infliction of the death penalty, are effective weapons of discipline; but scolding and fretting excite nothing but contempt.

AMBITIOUS.—A boy, 16 years old, wants to learn a trade, and inquires what trade he had better learn; he has thought of being a machinist. He could not select a better trade. In this country machinists must always be in demand, and command good wages. Gen. Banks, in early life, was a machinist. In a very eloquent speech delivered in Massachusetts, several years ago, when he was Governor of the State, he said that some of the happiest hours of his life had been passed in one of the darkest and dingiest streets in Boston, at work at his trade; and that he had looked forward to the not displeasing probability of one day returning to it.

E. E. L.—"I am a young man, eighteen years of age. My parents treat me as if I had not reached my teens, and think a young man has no right to go and see the girls until he is twenty-one. I am attached to a young lady, and stand a good chance with her as any one; but she will not stay in evenings on my account." Have a frank, full conference with your father and mother. They cannot be so unreasonable as to persist in treating you as if you were a child.

A. M. F.—"What are the best books for my daughter, eleven years old, to study? She is fond of flowers and books." She will derive much pleasure and health from the study of botany. It will help to relieve her sedentary habits. As for the particular works in this and other branches, consult some experienced teacher who knows her personally, and what progress she has already made.

H. H. (Chicago).—There was a man of the name of Faust. If he did not actually invent printing by means of moveable types, he certainly had no mean hand in introducing and perhaps improving the art. The monks were suspicious of the vast power thus suddenly put in motion; and they forged the legend which declares that he sold himself to Satan. This they did to cover his name with obloquy.

A CHURCH MEMBER.—Both the ways you suggest would be correct in addressing a clergyman. It is equally proper to say: "The Reverend Thomas Wright," or "The Reverend Mr. Wright." But the most approved style of address is, "The Reverend Thomas Wright," with his academical degree after his name,—B. A. or M. A., according as he is Bachelor or Master of Arts.

T. M. S.—By inquiring of the Superintendent of the Public Schools in your city, (Brooklyn,) or of the Secretary of the Board of Education, you can probably get such information as you desire in regard to the best means of having your boy, who has lost his hearing, educated. Have you tried to have his deafness cured? If not, *that* should be your first duty.

A STUDENT.—The adjective "abstract" is generally used in relation to mental perceptions. The substantive "abstract" means an epitome made by taking out the principal parts. "To speak of a subject in the abstract," means to speak of it apart from all contingent circumstances. The various theories relative to the mind belong to Metaphysics.

P. E. N.—Government situations are not purchaseable; that is to say, they are not venal as a general rule. Unprincipled Cabinet officers and Members of Congress have, however, trafficked in this way at different times. Without great influence to back you, you have no chance of obtaining such an appointment as you desire.

G. G. B.—You can increase the growth of vegetables by putting them under a hot-bed frame, but we do not think that the same system would answer in increasing the growth of a human being. We know of nothing except good food and moderate exercise that can in any way increase the progress of a boy's growth.

L. L.—To say that private citizens have nothing to do with government is to say that private citizens have nothing to do with their own happiness or misery, that people ought not to concern themselves whether they be naked or clothed, fed or starved, deceived or instructed, protected or destroyed.

E. B. G. (Hartford).—If you pay for the entire pew, the pew-opener has certainly no right to introduce a stranger to a vacant seat in it, when you and your family are present; but it would be very churlish to refuse a stranger a seat in the house of God.

J. W. (Washington).—We quite agree with you that the practice is a most disreputable one; but we cannot undertake to expose it. The subject rather suits a political newspaper than a literary journal.

HARLEM.—The case is shameful, and B. is acting illegally as well as dishonorably. Consult a respectable lawyer.

I. K. J.—The parents cannot punish you for abduction, as their daughter was of an age to judge for herself.

A. F. F.—"Should any young lady use cosmetics?" No.

⁂ *Several letters stand over to be answered in our next.*

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